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*Recd. at D. of S. Oct. 6/57*  
LETTERS

TO

MY PUPILS:

WITH

Narrative and Biographical Sketches.

BY

*du*  
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.  
*over*  
"

"It was always pleasant to me both to learn and to  
teach."—BEECHER.

NEW YORK:

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,  
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TO THE

CHILDREN OF MY FORMER PUPILS,

**This Book is Dedicated**

BY THEIR MOTHER'S FRIEND

AND THEIR OWN.

My dear friends, this book is dedicated to you, and I hope it will be found useful to you.





## P R E F A C E .

INSTRUCTORS are wont to find the requisitions of written thought, formidable to their pupils. Especially, to the younger classes, the production of grave essays, at stated times, and the liabilities of criticism, are appalling. The reluctance of those entrusted to my care, was diminished by being encouraged to simple efforts in the epistolary style, addressed to me, with the expectation of a response.

My letters, thus prompted, became numerous ; and it has been recently suggested that, coupled with some delineation of the schools that called them forth, they would be interesting to others still engaged in the pursuits of education. Of this, I am, perhaps, not the best judge. But at least, I am sure of having found great pleasure in their preparation. It has given new life to imagery and associations connected with those lovely and true-hearted beings, whose intercourse made some of the years of early life so cloudless.

The letters contained in this volume, are a severe selection from the mass that had accumulated, for in rejecting those which were so interspersed with local matter, as to be less adapted to the public eye, scarcely a decimation survived the ordeal. With their appendant descriptive and biographical sketches, may they be neither an unacceptable nor useless offering from one who would fain leave some tribute of gratitude for the unalloyed happiness which, both as pupil and teacher, it has been her lot to taste.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Connecticut,  
April, 1851.

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## The Welcome.

THIS fair summer morning has to me a new and peculiar brightness, as reflected from your beaming eyes and smiling countenances. There seems a consent between nature and your young hearts, to make our first interview pleasant. Methinks they already warmly respond to the welcome that I bear you. May a blessing rest on the intercourse that thus auspiciously begins.

The sanction of parents and guardians whom you trust and revere, to whose affection and care you are deeply indebted, has brought us together,—a hallowed sanction. I accept the privilege with gratitude. They have accorded it, with a view to your welfare. Let us see that they are not disappointed in their hope.

On some of your faces, I now look for the

first time. But we will not long be strangers. No. The path where we shall travel side by side, the objects that we shall mutually pursue, will soon create sympathy of aspiration and enjoyment. Not sufficiently your senior to preclude me from the position of an older sister, I give you my hand in love. I offer you my aid. I put myself at your head in all difficulties. When the ascent of knowledge becomes steep and arduous, I will be your pioneer, endeavoring to make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain. I will rejoice in your joys, and in your afflictions be afflicted.

And now, will you do your part? Important duties devolve on you. My welcome is not to a state of indulgence and sloth, but to daily, persevering effort, and sometimes to that conflict with obstacles, by which the mind learns how to estimate its own strength, and how to increase it. I would not conceal from you, that laborious study is involved in the successful attainment of knowledge. But the reward surpasses the toil, as far as light excelleth darkness. Difficulties are to be vanquished, and

foes to be overcome, and I welcome you to no such victory as indolence may purchase. I have not promised you roses without thorns, or a harvest without the plough, but summon you to the diligent use of the powers and opportunities which your Creator has bestowed.

More steadfastly to promote the advantages which we seek, I have adopted definite regulations for the distribution of your time, and your modes of intercourse while together, to which I ask your signature, and cordial concurrence. The code has been formed with a view to individual improvement, and to our comfort as a community. It will be daily read, that it may be readily remembered, and your compliance with its requisitions will be counted a proof of your regard. It has been well said by one of our poets, that "order is Heaven's first law:" let it be ours also.

One paramount mode of rendering study pleasant, is the culture of kind affections toward your associates. Engaged in the

same noble pursuit, nearly of the same age, subject for a time to the same restrictions, animated by the same hopes, armed with powers essentially to retard or to facilitate each other's progress, the elements of friendship and sympathy are within your reach, and your truest policy. Let courtesy and tenderness prompt your language and deportment, rejoice in each other's improvement or commendation, and let the unhappiness of one, awaken the sorrow of all. Regarding you as a band of sisters, as an endeared family circle, I repeat to you the blessed words of my Saviour to his disciples, "See that ye love one another."

And now, precious ones, having been, installed in the high office and dignity of your instructor, let me assure you that I am not willing simply to hear recitations, to keep the order of your classes, to impress the contents of your text-books, or to distinguish scholastic excellence. These are parts of my vocation, and delightful parts;—yet am I not content therewith. Having welcomed you to no



course of ease or frivolity, but to a solemn sense of the worth of education, I would enter for you, on its broadest field, striving and praying to provide you with moral as well as intellectual wealth;—habits that shall render solitude sweet, sickness endurable, and age venerable;—principles and affections that shall make life beautiful, and death a messenger of peace. This, with your help, and the blessing of God, I will attempt; and may the welcome we have given each other, this day, be remembered in heaven, yes,—prolonged through eternity.

## Mistakes.

AT the commencement of almost every important enterprise, there are incumbrances to be removed. In some occupations, this is the most serious part of the labor: to drain the morass, to clear the stones from a flinty glebe, or to extirpate, root and branch, the great trees of the forest, is a heavier toil, than to guide the plough, or sow the seed, or garner the harvest.

So, when we begin the great work of education, there may possibly be found, even in the fair area of the female mind, some weeds to be removed, some waste places to be renovated, ere the opening rose-bud can well meet the sunbeam, or the clustering grapes vigorously ripen.

There are some mistakes easily made, but

which, if adhesive, are both troublesome, and hurtful.—For instance, I have heard young people say, or seen them conduct as if they thought, that to *forget* was no fault. Now, if you lose what was entrusted to you to keep, whether it be a precept, a promise, or a coin, you commit an act of unfaithfulness. The loss may be either your own, in the squandering of the fruits of knowledge, or that of others, who expected you to return “their own with usury.”

Could not this have been prevented? Philosophy calls memory, but *fixed attention*. Cannot you therefore, so fix your attention, so charge the retentive power to be watchful and faithful, as to preserve what is gravely given to the mind’s custody? If you can, there is blame in forgetting what you are justly expected to remember. Consider it, then, as a fault, and acknowledge it as such. Never utter the phrase, “I have forgotten,” without compunction and a silent resolution to prevent, if possible, its recurrence.

Memory is not an inert mass, but a gift to be cultivated. It holds the key of knowledge. Its pen writes the history of life, deeds, words, motives. By its scroll, we shall be judged.

Make a friend of Memory. Commune with her, ere you sleep, of the doings of the past day. Deepen by her aid, what should be treasured for the future—axioms, principles, holy rules of conduct. Entrust to her guardianship those stores on which the mind is to feed in the winter of life, when the “eye is dim, and the natural force abated.”

Yes, dear children, make a friend of Memory. She will not forsake you at last. Hope folds her wing when the grave opens. Her anchor was only made for the water-floods of time. But Memory goes through the eternal gates. On her record, an unchanging doom is predicated. Make a friend of Memory; for she is to live with us forever.

Shall we still go on, exploring mistakes, and seeking the way to avoid them? Some young people who would not assert that the negligence of habitual forgetfulness was venal,

fall into a worse error of deeming it proper for parents to do much for them, and they little or nothing for parents. On what can this strange theory be founded? Where is the justice of imposing new burdens, on those who already sustain many? If you withhold help from the arm or heart, so often wearied for your sake, where is the gratitude? And if there is neither justice nor gratitude in the course, what have spirits so true and lovely as your own, to do with it? Ah no. I am sure you will repel the thought of such selfishness.

With the light of every new morning inquire, not how you can repay their care and guardianship,—for that is never to be repaid, but how you can best evince your appreciation of the debt. It would please me, if, at the close of the week, ere we parted for the sweet Sabbath-rest, you would whisper in my ear, some new service that you had learned to render your parents. Then I should feel that your scholastic and moral training were advancing hand in hand, and be comforted by

the conviction that your minds and hearts were equally healthful and prosperous.

Mistake 3d.—That the common occupations of industry are vulgar, or that it is not quite ladylike to work with the hands. The hand is a very curious piece of mechanism. It was doubtless intended by its Maker for active and ingenious purposes. A man of no mean attainments has said that its structure might convince an infidel of the infinite wisdom of its Architect.

Look abroad, and see what the hand of man has done, on the earth, and in its depths, and upon the broad sea, where white-winged navies ride. Had it slumbered in supineness, where would have been the prosperity of

“The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself.”

Woman’s hand too, in its own quiet way, has wrought something for the world’s welfare. Why should you withdraw yours from contributing its part in any fitting form of industrious occupation ?

Of Miss Edgeworth, it was said by a familiar friend,—that she could do skillfully with her hands everything that a woman ought to know how to do. This versatility of knowledge and aptness for useful employment are peculiarly appropriate to the simplicity that should prevail in a republic.

Those are deceived in the character of a true lady, who suppose it comprises helplessness, or ignorance of whatever her sex ought to understand and perform. Believe me, inertness is not laudable, nor indolence graceful. Were it necessary, I could fortify the assertion by numerous examples from history, as well as personal observation. But I will not do you the injustice of supposing it possible for any of you to belong to that class of cyphers in the scale of being, whom an ancient and homely epitaph thus characterizes:

“Then if their tombstones, when they die,  
Ar n’t taught to flatter and to lie,  
There’s nothing more that can be said,  
Than that they’ve ate up all their bread,  
Drank up their drink, and gone to bed.”

Woman's mission on earth is not one of sloth and selfishness. It is alike her duty, her policy, and her happiness, to abandon weak indulgence, empty display, and inglorious ease. A poet truly says,—

“There is a fire-fly in the southern clime  
That shineth only when upon the wing :  
So is it with our mind, if once we rest,  
We darken.”

Clear away, then, the rubbish of false opinions, lest they end in wrong habits. Make fair sea-room, that we may sail together, with a right reckoning, steering safe from shoals and quicksands, and so, through redeeming Mercy, find at last the haven of perfect rest.



## Filial Gratitude.

GRATITUDE has been beautifully styled, the "*memory of the heart.*" Yet, it is more than this, more than the quiet trace, or the recording pencil. It is the living sympathy, the active principle, the labor to reciprocate, or the fervent prayer to rewarding, omnipotent Love, into which that labor, feeling its own inadequacy, tearfully resolves itself.

There is force in the quaint old proverb, "To parent, teacher, and God, all-sufficient, none can render equivalent." Filial gratitude is a debt, whose magnitude every year reveals more fully, and causes to press more imperatively upon the tender and reflecting mind. But may it not sometimes happen—indeed, does it not too often happen, that the depth and preciousness of parental love is not comprehended till its removal?

Strongly was the appreciation of Edward the First, of the priceless value of a father's affection, expressed in his time of bereavement. During his absence, on one of the crusades, sad tidings reached him; first, of the death of his eldest child, Prince John, a peculiarly fair and promising boy; then, that the second son, Henry, the mother's darling, was laid in the tomb. These afflictions he sustained with firmness and resignation. But when there also came the intelligence that his father was dead, he yielded to such violence of grief, that the King of Sicily in astonishment inquired, how he who had so nobly borne the loss of hopeful children, should thus refuse

be comforted for the departure of an aged man. And the mourner, his eyes still suffused with tears, answered,—

“The loss of my children may be made up to me, by the same God who gave them: but when a man has lost a good father, it is not in the course of nature that God should send him another.”

Lord Bacon, one of the most distinguished

names in the galaxy of genius, literature and science, which any age or nation has produced, was an instance of the long-remembering tenderness of filial gratitude. At the close of a splendid, yet troubled career, when about to renounce all worldly honors, and resign his body to the dust, the image of the mother who had soothed his infant woes, and nurtured his young mind with knowledge, returned vividly, and he wrote,—“As for my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael’s Church, near St. Albans, *there was my mother buried.*” As the scenes of life’s pilgrimage passed in review before him,—the time-honored pinnacles of the University, where in boyhood he had projected and executed works of learning, the thronged halls, where his forensic eloquence had held men captive, the royal court, where in presence of his sovereign he had borne the envied honors of lord high chancellor and peer of the realm, the palace-home, where, surrounded by vassals, he had dwelt in affluence,—around none of these gorgeous pictures or pageants does his heart

linger. No. It turns to one lone, silent, secluded spot,—“*there was my mother buried,*” and desires to be laid in his last slumber, by her side.

Thus came the early memories of filial love, over the aged Barzillai the Gileadite, amid the frost of his fourscore years, when the “voice of singing men and singing women” ceased to awaken in his dull ear a thrill of melody, and when for all the proffered munificence of a grateful king, he presented only the touching request,—“Let thy servant be buried by the side of my father and my mother.”

The deep sense of obligation to parents, which often discloses itself so affectingly in the maturity and decline of life, should be cherished and made manifest, throughout all its stages. If they are both spared to you, can you too fully value the unspeakable blessing? Were it given you, only for an hour, to enter into the loneliness, the desolation of the orphan-heart, you might gather materials for a more perfect gratitude. From these blight-

ed, broken tendrils of hope, you would turn with new ardor to that affection, which, bending over your cradle, has never failed, like the tree of life, to put forth healing fruits, and perennial blossoms.

I wish to speak to you, more particularly, of the ties that bind the daughter to the mother. No sympathy can be more entire, no duties more imperative than those which spring from this relation. Future life, with its untried burdens, may reveal to you feelingly, the extent of this debt. Till then, be content, to take the assurance on trust, that you are in no danger of overpaying it.

Let no day pass, without some acknowledgment of your indebtedness to your maternal friend. Study her unspoken wishes. Receive her opinions with respect. Yield gracefully, and with perfect sweetness, your will to hers. Offer your aid in her daily duties. Acquaint yourself with them, in their routine and detail, that you may know how to be a profitable assistant. Request her to commit to you some one department of care, and ac-

quit yourself in it with fidelity. Whether it be the training of younger children, or the direction of servants, or the charge of a culinary process, or the use of the needle, or the nurture of plants, show by your zeal and cheerfulness, that, *for her sake*, the employment is delightful.

Do not say, as I have heard some young ladies, when any household occupation was proposed, "I have a lesson to get, or must practise my music, and it is impossible." What lesson is more important than to share the burdens of a mother? What music will make sweeter echo in the heart, than the consciousness of having been her comforter? I surely would not be the advocate of neglect in scholastic requisitions. Oh no! Let them be diligently regarded. But as the relative duties are an important part of education, the affectionate daughter will so apportion her hours, and quicken her energies, as to secure time for each, and all. She will learn the lesson, and perform the service too.

Hear what another has said on these subjects, in more forcible language than mine.

“Girls, do you know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her?—Nobody loves you, nobody can love you, as she does. Be not ungrateful for this love, repay it not with coldness, lest a curse of coldness rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving shall you live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and your mother.

“Let the tone of voice in which they are addressed, be affectionate and respectful. A haughty answer from a child to a parent, falls most discordantly on the ear of every person who has any idea of filial duty. Girls, be sure that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. So easy is it to win, that not one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter, than a good wife, or mother. A child's duties are far more simple than those of a parent; so that she who is a good daughter may possibly fail to be a good wife, or mother; but she who



fails in this first sacred relation, need never hope to fill another well.

“Be sure then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station. It will be its own reward.

“The secret that you withhold from your mother is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her you will never regret: so, be not disappointed, or out of humor, at being prevented from any pleasure which would take you away from her, but love her so well, as to give up the gayest amusement to remain with her. Nothing is more beautiful than to see a daughter sit smilingly down by her mother, because she desired her aid or company. Go then, and kiss your mother as you used to do, when a child, and never grow too large, or too old to be happy at her side.”

In everything that concerns your mother, lay aside the lineaments of indifference. If she is wearied, or sorrowful, though you may not know the cause, pour out the overflowing riches of your sympathy. A daughter's sym-



pathy, with the kind nurse of her infancy, whose yearning heart glows with tenderness next only to a compassion that is divine,—a daughter's sympathy! what can be more lovely, more fitting, more in accordance with truth, more congenial with angelic natures, more pleasing to God.

Some striking instances of filial devotedness it has been my lot to witness,—where the young have voluntarily and earnestly toiled to aid in the support of parents, and found, in thus adding to their comfort, more intense pleasure, than from any form of self-indulgence;—or where, in tireless ministrations around the bed of sickness, they have striven to repay some portion of the debt which had been accumulating night and day through the earlier years of life.

I think now, of a fair young creature, slender, and of peculiarly delicate formation. Yet, when the mother, whom she loved, was ill, supernatural strength seemed to come to her, and a nursing wisdom. Through the long, painful decline, she was ever at her side.

Every medicine was prepared and administered by her young hand, and in the watches of the night, her sleepless eye was bright, her pitying, yet serene brow, beamed with a sustained courage. And when the fearful emaciation and helplessness came, her subdued, tuneful tones breathed the same enduring love, that had solaced her own infancy. There was no thought of self. Every sympathy was absorbed in her mother's sufferings, every energy on the stretch, for their relief.

Anxious friends insisted on sharing her fatigues. "I am not weary. No one must take away my privilege. How little can I do for her, who has done so much for me."

The last glance of the fading eye was a blessing on this daughter. The last words, save the call of the waiting soul for its Redeemer, were a bequest to her care, of the stricken father, the children so soon to be left motherless, and a feeble infant, whose hold upon life seemed more slight than the spider's web. The mournful daughter, still strong in holy faith, took these sacred pledges from the

hand of a dying mother. *For her sake*, she watched over, and sheltered the infirm babe until his vigorous boyhood, and grateful affection, were her precious payment. *For her sake*, she exerted herself to be the guide of her father's household, the counsellor and sweet example of her numerous brothers and sisters, caring for their bodies and souls, with a constancy that knew no declension. Years fled, and found her faithful at her post. Filial love still nerved her to tread in the steps of a mother in heaven. If, sometimes, under the weight of new and great responsibilities, her heart faltered, she went alone to the turf-bound, flower-strewn grave, and knelt there, and prayed to Him who seeth in secret. She communed with her own spirit, and was still, and received the wisdom that she needed. Did there not hover around her, the unseen form of her sainted mother, with an angel's blessing?

My dear young friends, in whose hearts, I trust, is the same hallowed, filial principle, give it full scope and development, every day

of your lives. Suffer not memory to record on her truthful scroll, a single word or look, that obedience and love might not sanction. The frown, the deportment of indifference, the disregard of her wishes, who took you, at the gate of life, into her protecting embrace, though they may seem to slumber in forgetfulness, will awake, when the clods fall heavily upon her coffin-lid, "to bite as the scorpion and sting as the adder." For, if the arm that fondly enwrapped you, in the sicknesses and fears of childhood, be weak, or weary, and you heed it not, if the bosom that drew your infant lip into its sanctuary, till it ceased to moan, faint, for want of sympathy, and you refresh it not; if the form that bent over your cradle-dream, in the supplication of love, shudder from the world's neglect, or dreariness, and you cast no garment over it,—beware of the judgment,—where those who have slighted the needs of even the unknown, are condemned.

The extent, and imperishable nature of a mother's love, cannot be told in language.

The depths may not swallow it up, nor the floods drown it. It springs up with the first sigh of the new-born, and wanes not till the death-pang. It takes new forms of action, as new conditions arise, but it never swerves, never changes. Oh, my sweet young friends, more dear to me by every day's intercourse, and instruction, next to God, see that you love your mother.

## Serial Intercourse.

DID I hear you inquiring, my sweet pupils, how you could best render yourselves agreeable to each other, and to those with whom you might in future associate?—It was a rational inquiry, and need not pre-suppose any mixture of vanity; for it is both a fitting accomplishment, and a duty, for our sex to please, that they may do good.

Now, how are you to become pleasing? Begin by being amiable. Lay *self* aside, and study how to cheer, oblige, or advance others. If you are supposed to have any claim to distinction either in personal appearance, dress, talents, or position, dismiss it from your thoughts. Regard all the usages of politeness, all the courtesies of refined society, but let them sit easy on you. “In simple manners

all the secret lies,"—some wise man has said. If you will observe those who most excel in ease and gentleness of deportment, as opposed to affectation, forwardness and efforts to attract attention, you will concur in the truth of his remark.

While on the subject of manners, I would earnestly enforce respect to all your superiors ; especially to those who wear the crown of honorable age. Consider yourselves chargeable with a culpable omission, if you have failed to pay marked attention, and deference, to the oldest persons in company. This is not merely an evidence of good-breeding, but of obedience to the divine command, to "rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man."

Strangers, or any person who may appear to be overlooked or neglected, I am sure you will delight to seek out, and put at ease, by your own pleasant manners, and smiling countenance. Be careful to notice children. Kind attentions cause their little hearts to overflow with pleasure. Even now, I vividly



cherish the grateful remembrance of one, who seeing me embarrassed, when quite young, in a large, ceremonious circle, took pains to cross the room, and seat herself at my side, and by her kind and courteous attentions, relieved me from a load of almost insupportable diffidence. There was true benevolence in such an action, and social intercourse is fruitful in opportunities for similar illustrations of that virtue.

To the conversation of the wise and intelligent, good manners will prompt a marked and silent attention. This from the young is a proper and acceptable homage. You will listen to their words from a twofold motive,—to gain instruction, and to do honor. It has been sometimes said, that in a republic, the rules of courtesy, and delicate forms of politeness, are too prone to be overlooked. It has been asserted by foreigners, that the sentiment of respect is wanting in the American people. If this be true, our system of education is in fault. For every character is deficient, and ill-balanced, which has not been trained up to show reverence where it is due. Beloved



friends; let no such charge be justly made against you.

Some sources of attraction can be possessed but by few. The charms of beauty, and the distinctions of wealth, are not at the disposal of the multitude. But good manners are open to the attainment of all, who have the good feeling to cultivate them. They are a perpetual letter of recommendation, "seen, and read of all men."

One successful method of pleasing in society, is to be happy yourselves. Do you ask what shall aid you, in being always happy? Regulate your thoughts. They are the germs of action, and of feeling. If their growth is pure and healthful, their blossom will be a perennial happiness.

Shall I give you two good seed-thoughts? One is,—when you go into society, *leave self behind*. A little girl said,—“Mother, I have learned how to be happy. I shall always be so now.”

“How is that, my daughter?”

“By never caring anything about myself,

and always trying to make everybody else happy."

The child had planted the true seed of happiness.

Around a bright, wintry fire, a cheerful family were seated. The time drew near for the younger members of the circle to retire to rest. Still they lingered, for the father continued to indulge them in pleasant discourse. At length, as they came one by one for the parting kiss, he asked what would make them the most happy. Each had in imagination some sparkling image of childhood bliss, which was earnestly illustrated, either as a hope, or a possession. But one of the most thoughtful of the train, a gentle boy, said,

"I think I feel the happiest, when I make others happy."

"You are right, my son. Our dear Saviour hath told us,—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

A man of erudition and much experience in the adversities of life, was once asked how he had acquired the power of being ever serene,

and happy. He replied,—“Only by the right use of my eyes.—Wherever I am, I look first to heaven, and remember that my great business here is to get there. Next, I look down to the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. Then, I look abroad among men, and see what multitudes are less happy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and what reason I have to be continually thankful. To live in this spirit, is to be always happy.”

Here is my second seed-thought, *live in love*. —You, who were received at the gate of life, in all your helplessness, by love, cherished on its bosom, rocked in its cradle, led by its hand, till your feet were able to walk, whose first infant articulations were of its shaping, whose earliest prayers were learned from its lips,—be not false to its lessons, or forgetful to breathe its spirit into other hearts.

Love wrote the first letter in your alphabet of life. Let it write the last; that you may enter a clime of perfect love, and feel at home among seraphs.

## Patriotism.

My dear daughters, I would have you true patriots. Methinks, I see your beautiful heads bending towards me, with increased and wondering attention, as if you doubted whether your ear had correctly interpreted.

Patriots, I said, *true patriots*. Now, by the sparkling of your eyes, and the slight twinkle of ridicule lingering in their glance, your thoughts are roaming among the exploits of Semiramis and Boadicea, of the heroine who dwelt under the palm-trees of Mount Ephraim, or of her who ventured forth, under the veil of midnight, to the camp of Holofernes. You deem me a little bewildered in my principle of adaptation, this morning. We will set that matter right.

Queens, and warrior-women, I would not have you, if I could. But we have a noble

country, of vast extent and unfathomed resources. Its shores stretch from ocean to ocean, its mountains tower in majesty, its broad streams are the highways of commerce, its cities teem with inhabitants, its villages are instinct with busy life, its solitary places blossom like the rose. The oppressed and the exile from every clime find here a refuge. In our broad green wilds, like the passenger bird they rest, and build their nests, and rear their young, with none to make them afraid. Our sails whiten every sea, and among the nations of the earth, we are held in honor. Peace, and equal laws, and the religion of Jesus Christ, are our true glory. Among our forest-settlements the sacred church-spire springs up, pointing heavenward, and by its side, as an humbler sister, the school beckoneth every little one from its mother's arms. Here woman fears no Moslem interdict, no feudal tyranny. She is free to gather and to store the fruits of knowledge, to twine the garlands of love, to follow the footsteps of her Saviour, to fulfil an angelic benevolence.

Dear and glorious native land! You feel it a privilege to have been born within her limits. You bless the memory of the fathers, who sustained toil and peril, that she might pass from colonial subjugation to a seat among the nations. You have the *amor patriæ*. So, we have joined issue. Let us then see, how you may best show your true patriotism.

The first step for a young female patriot, is to know her own sphere, and to keep it. To the prosperity of every great work, division of labor is essential. In a civilized and christianized community, like our own, the departments of the sexes are clearly defined. The toils, the perils, the stormy honors of the outer life, devolve on one;—the cares, the burdens, the exquisite harmonies of the inner life, are reserved for the other. In the structure both of frame and mind, there is supposed to be an adaptation to their peculiar lot, by Him who cannot err, the “Former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits.”

Strange and peculiar occasions have demanded and aroused in the weaker sex, the

energy and boldness of the other. But for either to invade the province not allotted to them, is their own loss, and a detriment to the interests of society. There are those, who, in modern times, have harangued and clamored for what they have been pleased to call the "*rights of woman*," supposing that they were doing her a service. But these rights seem ill-defined, and if conceded, must be at an expense of the forfeiture of better things, and a more rational happiness. If the political arena were opened to her ambition, might not its unhallowed strife incite her to overlook congenial duties, and to leave the sweet home-guardianship to desolation?

Observe the beautiful order of the heavenly bodies. The satellites do not disturb the orbit of the primaries, nor the primaries rush after the comets. Each in its rotation and ministry obeys the law of the Creator,—a law as wise in the moral, as in the natural world, among sentient beings, as among the watching stars.

If then, the first step in true patriotism,



my loved listeners, is to *keep* your own sphere, the second is, to *adorn* it.

Are you a daughter ?

Are you a sister ?

Are you a pupil ?

Whatever appertains to each of these important departments, study seriously, understand thoroughly, and perform conscientiously. And as you may hereafter enter the more responsible stations of a housekeeper, a wife, and a mother, cultivate the germ of these future, more complex duties, by fidelity in the discharge of those that, at present, appertain to you.

I am convinced that you desire and determine to be *true patriots*. It behooves you, therefore, to have now a well-furnished mind, and hereafter, a well-ordered home. These are your just obligations, your fitting acknowledgments, for the nurture of knowledge, the participation in social rights, the shelter of laws by which the helpless are safe, the comfort of a religion through which the weak are strong.



And may you so faithfully learn, and so diligently set forth all the precepts of true loyalty here, as to be found worthy to become at last, the denizens of a “better country, that is, an heavenly.”

## Fitly-spoken Words.

*Fitly-spoken words!* What are they? Their preciousness has been compared to “apples of gold in pictures of silver,” or as some translations render it, golden oranges in baskets of wrought silver, where the rich hue of the fragrant fruit is heightened by the beauty of its vase. Let us inquire into the nature of those words, which the wise monarch of Israel has thus graphically illustrated.

And first, with regard to their garniture, *fitness of speech*. So much of our time is devoted to oral intercourse, that it is no slight object of education to regulate, and render it effective. It is expected of a well-trained lady, that she should converse both agreeably and usefully; and you, my young friends, will desire in this, as in other accomplishments, to

give pleasure, in order to do good. On the face of the subject, a clear enunciation is essential. It is what the Roman orator said of action, "the first, the second, the third thing." Beauty of sentiment avails little if marred by an indistinct utterance. Thought loses its weight, when the words glide trippingly over the tongue. The upright moralist who classed the "speaking so low as not to be heard, among minor immoralities," would find but too many in our own generation, to cite before her tribunal. In what you have to say, do not deprive a single syllable of its due sound. It is a species of injustice, both to the word, and its hearer. To listen, and lose a part, is a painful tax on the nervous system. If you have the gift of an unstammering tongue, do not perplex your friends by swallowing a portion of what you seem to address to their ears. Suffer the lips and teeth to have a share in modifying sound, rather than to let it gurgle pitifully in the depths of the throat, or be forced unnaturally through the nasal organs. It has been asserted by

some satirical foreigners, that one mode of distinguishing an American, was by his speaking through the nose. I trust this is a mistake; still it will do no harm to guard the point, in our own case. A confused utterance is never graceful, and often a fruitful source of misconstruction. There can be little need of multiplying arguments, in proof of what must be so obvious to yourselves. Still, I would fain commend strongly to you the beautiful attainment of a fine elocution, as what I desire each one of you, my dear young friends, assiduously to cultivate.

It seems scarcely necessary to caution those so accustomed to the usages of well-bred society, against interrupting others in discourse. Yet I doubt not, you may have been often annoyed by the bursting in of rude, impatient voices, upon the pleasant interchange of thought. Job's messengers of evil tidings, had that bad habit,—“while one was yet speaking, there came also another, and said.” Those whose comprehension has been thus perplexed, should avoid inflicting the same

inconvenience on their friends. It is an infraction of the privilege of conversation, which implies reciprocity. It cannot therefore be with propriety a lectureship, where some are installed to set forth their favorite subjects, and others to listen with a mouse-like observance. Neither is it a piratical enterprise, to snatch on this side, and on that; nor the fierce monopoly of high-sounding lungs, finding bliss in their own selfish exercise; nor a hubbub of unmeaning vociferations, where truth enters only to be trodden down; but the quiet intercourse of minds, to which God has given reason, love of knowledge, kindred sympathies, and the vehicle of language, that they may advance mutual happiness and improvement.

Aim to clothe your thoughts in the best language. By this, I do not, of course, mean an ostentatious style, or those efforts after elegance which reject simplicity. The society of the highly educated, and the art of listening, are a profitable regimen for the young. She who would converse well, must

learn to listen ; as he who would wisely rule, must first know how to obey. Reflect ere you speak, whether what you are about to utter is worth saying. This will chasten an undue fluency, and hold in check the tendency to gossiping—that stigma so long affixed to the social intercourse of the fair sex. In olden times, when from a more limited education than we enjoy, their range of subjects was narrower, and the fashions of dress and foibles of character fell more intensely under their observation, this fault might have been more readily forgiven.

Speak in sweet tones. It seems expected of the young and amiable, that their voice should be an echo of the soul's harmony. I think now of one, whose varied intonations are like rich music, long to be remembered. And she always speaks with a smile. Would that each one of you, would cultivate these attractions. The habit might be easily formed, now, in your forming season. Melody of voice, and the bright beaming forth of a radiant spirit, are the natural accompaniments of

words fitly spoken. They give the last, exquisite polish to that "basket of wrought silver," in which the ripened fruits of thought are beautifully arranged.

Now, what are those *words*, whose rich meaning renders them worthy of such care in presentation? Surely, they must be engines of power. "How forcible are *right* words," exclaimed the Patriarch to whom we have already referred, when to his other sufferings were added the ill-chosen discussions of those friends, to the "opening of whose lips," he had looked for consolation.

Suppose, for the sake of conciseness, we divide our *fitly-spoken words* into three classes: those that give pleasure, those that impart instruction, and those that comfort sorrow.

1. Words that give pleasure. Here, the gentle expressions of kindness and affection deserve a prominent place. Fail not to use them, where they are justly due. They aid in the cultivation of the heart. Taciturnity, or reserve to their promptings, may settle into coldness of character. Spare not to tell those



who are bound to you by kindred blood, friendship, or gratitude, how tenderly you love them. The sweetness of domestic intercourse, depends much on the frank communication of affectionate feeling.

Encouragement of those who are striving to establish right habits, or overcome wrong dispositions, will give scope for many pleasant words. Warm appreciation of the good deeds of your acquaintance, may be so judiciously expressed as not to hurt their delicacy. Some minds are so prone to dejection, and so deficient in proper self-esteem, that frequent allusion to their virtues is medicinal, and an incentive to perseverance, and higher attainments in excellence. Yet avoid the dialect of flattery. Like all departures from rectitude, it will weaken confidence in your veracity. It is the false coin of conversation, a counterfeit readily detected. Keep truthfulness, as well as gentleness, ever in view, and regard the apostolic precept, "*to please for edification.*"

2. Words that convey instruction. What a



wide field here opens before you. All who have less education than yourselves, may be considered in some degree, as your pupils. Whoever is desirous of knowledge, or unacquainted with its benefits, or enslaved by incorrect habits, or unconvinced of the truths of our holy religion, or unsustained by its hopes, may be the better for your teachings. Yet avoid display, and dogmatical assertions, and like the bee, singing at her work, hide your precepts in honey. Use judgment, and knowledge of human nature, in selecting the information that you impart. The rules of logic, or the axioms of philosophy, would be scarcely intelligible to an untrained intellect. I knew a studious boy, who persisted in reading his lessons aloud, every evening, to an aged colored servant-woman. If wearied with the labors of the day, she fell asleep, he elevated his voice to a higher key ; for "I am determined," said he, "to improve her mind." Probably all the advantage derived from this exercise of classic lore, was his own. Perhaps, the dreams of the heavy sleeper were

scarcely broken, but his perseverance might have found a surer place in the casket of memory, for what he desired to commit there.

Knowledge grows, by imparting it, as the physical powers, through exercise, gather strength. If the teachers of the intellectual branches share liberally the benefits they communicate to others, in the accumulation of mental treasure, and the increase of suggestive thought, will not those, also, who labor to impress moral and religious precepts, deepen within themselves, the energies of a pure and consistent example ?

3. Words that soothe sorrow. Here, our sex ought to be proficient. They are expected to be comforters. Their tender sympathies are easily awakened, and by the circumstances of their lot in life, kept in frequent exercise. Exert yourselves, therefore, to comfort, according to your ability, all who may come within your sphere of action. Sickness, poverty, and grief, with their infinite variations, will surround you, as you walk the path of probation. "Let the moving of your lips" assuage their

pain. Sympathy, though it may not remove the load, gives strength to bear it. Soothe the wailing infant, and the disappointed child, whose troubles are not the less keenly felt, because to us they may seem as trifles.

The trials of your friends and companions, I have already seen that you count as your own. In their deeper adversities, have ever ready for them, in the dialect of love, that best remedy for sorrow, perfect reconciliation to the Ruling Hand. Into their stricken hearts, pour from your own, confidence in the wisdom of Omnipotence,—trust in its goodness,—thankfulness for the discipline of its fatherly school,—assurance that what is dark and mysterious here, shall be revealed in the Land without a cloud, where it shall be brightly seen with angel-ken, how “all things did work together for good, to those who loved God.”

Still there are occasions in human life, where silence is more eloquent than speech. If you are observant, you will perceive that in some situations, the sound of the human voice

is arrogant and vain. It is so, where Nature discloses her majesty,—on the heights of solemn mountains,—amid the thunder of the fathomless, storm-wrought ocean, or in the presence of the never-resting, glorious Niagara.

There is also a depth of human sorrow, where silence is wisdom. Frail man struggling against the strong surge of adversity, inspires a sensation of that awe which sublimity produces. Classic polytheism asserted that the sight was worthy of the admiration of her deities.

“To me, and to the state of my great grief  
Let kings do homage,”

said the desolate mother of the murdered Arthur. You will doubtless come in contact with instances of severe bereavement where words are inadequate. They are even felt to be hazardous. They may touch some chord whose vibration is agony. Then, the tear of silent sympathy, the meek bowing down by the side of the smitten, as if to take a part of

the burden that crushes them, is the dialect of true feeling.

There are depths in devotion, where the voiceless thought alone, aspires to communion with its Maker. The humbled soul realizes that "He is in His holy temple, and keeps silence before Him." Language, convinced of its poverty, submissively withdraws, or hides its face in the lap of silence.

Beautiful silence! that hast a place in heaven, among the harps that know no dissonance. Far more fitting is it that thou shouldst dwell with us, so often mistaken in our best ministries of speech, and discordant in our highest melodies.

We have considered the fitness of speech; let us not overlook the beauty of well-timed silence. Its holy hush, like pauses in music, heightens the succeeding harmony. Like shades in a picture, it illustrates the design. Like repose to the toil-worn, it gives energy for future action. The long, undeclining day of the arctic regions, is said to be oppressive to the nerves. Men yearn for the sober twi-

light, to temper its intense brightness, and for the shadow of the deep night, lulling weariness to repose.

Learn, therefore, when to be silent, as well as how to speak. Ulysses was called the most eloquent, and the most silent of men. I would have you talk *well*, but not talk *always*. And since by our words, as well as our deeds, we are to be judged, may right words, fitly-spoken, and the holy pauses of well-timed silence, mingle bright memories with your crown of rejoicing, at the last great day.

## Treatment of the Erring.

THE unfolding drama of life will acquaint you with characters of various dispositions and habitudes. It becomes, therefore, a grave inquiry, how to deport yourselves, on all occasions, with the proprieties of a pure and womanly nature. When you meet those who have fallen into errors which you have escaped, or to which you may have had no tendency, how shall they be treated? Probably, the first impulse of a mind that has preserved its own integrity would be avoidance, and the reserve of offended virtue.

Perseverance in evil tempers, or a disagreeable deportment, sometimes receive less forbearance, than more flagrant offences. These are the natural results of continuance in error, the bitter fruits of permitted, and indulged



sin. We pity the sufferer from physical ills—should we not commiserate those who internally bear the scourge of conscience, and are at variance with themselves, and with all mankind? Is there any deeper malady than the eating cancer of self-reproach—the paralysis of the soul? The misery of an unrulèd, wayward spirit, who can compute? Who hath descended into its depths, to count the scorpion-lashes of remorse, to see the writhings of a heart too proud to yield, to confess, or to implore sympathy? Shall we add a new gall-drop? another shade of darkness, where the light of God's countenance, is already withdrawn?

Still, the question recurs, how shall the erring be treated? Before answering it, let us review our own position. Have we never wandered from duty, perplexed our guides, disturbed our conscience, offended our Father in Heaven? If we have, there should be pity for those, who having been less carefully trained, or more strongly tempted, fell, where we were enabled to stand firm. How forcible on



this point, is a passage from one of our finest writers,—

“ Whatever I have seen of the world, or known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of but one poor heart, that has sinned and suffered, when I represent to myself the struggles and temptations through which it has passed, the vicissitudes of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of a world that hath little charity, the desolation of the mind’s sanctuary, the threatening voices within it, health gone, happiness gone, perhaps even hope, that remains the longest, gone, I would fain lay the erring soul of my fellow-being in His hand from whom it came.”

Do I hear you ask, shall we then take evil persons for our associates? Oh no! Unless you were the possessor of an unfaltering goodness, an infallible wisdom, a superhuman strength. Not while you are the partaker of an infirm nature, choose companionship with the sinful, and hope to remain pure. But

when your lot leads you near them, or makes it proper that you should utter the counsels or admonitions of virtue, forget not the lineaments of kindness. How many lapses into crime, or deepened shades of obduracy may be traced to the severity of the untempted, or the pride of the unfallen, can never be made manifest till that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. For among the ruling causes of vice, are not alone the countless temptations that assault the unwary, the bias of a wrong education, the absence of right counsel, and the influence of bad example, but the scorn of virtue. Yea, the *scorn of virtue*. It hath stifled in the relenting heart, the faint sigh of reformation, and blighted the good seed lingering in the stony ground that might else have sprung up, though there was not "much deepness of earth."

"I do not care to leave my prison," said one who had erred, and been punished—"My term is out, but wherefore should I leave the prison? Everywhere will be the cold look, and the pointing finger. Who will

smile on me? who will welcome me back to the firm ground from whence I fell? The scorn of the world is worse than the solitude of the prison."

Would that I could bring before you, as vividly as it gleams in my own remembrance, the image of the late benevolent Mrs. Fry, entering the dreary cells of Newgate. A class of female convicts awaited her there. Some were large and brawny, with coarse faces, bronzed by guilt and hardship. Some, with sharpened features, and quick, stealthy glances, surveyed us, two or three ladies, who, by permission of the Directors, were seated near. Methought they earnestly scanned those portions of apparel, or appendages of ornament, to which the hand of a thief would have been habitually attracted. A few were young, and of not unpleasant physiognomy, girls whose mistresses, it was said, had given them up to the stern infliction of justice, for purloining some slight article from the wardrobe or household.

It was acutely painful, to contemplate this

group. The proximity of crime is repulsive, and in some degree, fearful. We felt sensible relief, when Mrs. Fry, who held such power over those depraved and unfortunate beings, appeared. She was tall, of a plain countenance, and in the neat garb of her sect, the Friends. Every movement was in the quiet majesty of goodness. As if a tutelary spirit had descended among them, every fierce eye was fixed and softened. She read in the sweetest, most distinct enunciation, a portion of Scripture, and knelt with them in prayer. The peculiar melody of her tones fell on their tossing, turbid spirits, with tranquillizing power, as if an echo of His divine compassion, who said to the storm-wrought billows, "Peace ! be still."

This was her last meeting with the class, before their transportation to Botany Bay, and was probably marked with an unusual degree of feeling. Earnestly, yet calmly she counselled them, recapitulating and enforcing rules of duty and inducements to lead a new life. She harrowed up their minds, by no allusion

to past offences. She denounced no malediction. She besought them by the meekness and gentleness of Christ. She spoke of the trials that awaited them, on their long voyage in the convict-ship, and their lot of servitude in a foreign clime ; and exhorted them to persevere in the good resolutions they had formed, for their souls' sake, and for her sake, who in teaching them had become more and more their souls' friend. Every heart was bowed before her. Over the most rugged faces gushed floods of grief and penitence. Those who might have opposed to severity the rigidity of iron, melted under her soft touches like snow to the sunbeam. Then I felt how glorious was this imitation of the redeeming love that came to seek, and to save, that which was lost. Then I realized, that the purest natures are most pitiful ; and that the mission of woman was not to frown on guilt, but to uplift, and persuade it to penitence.

Pure-minded and kind-hearted beings, my cherished pupils, whom every day I love more, because every day discloses some new excel-

lence worthy of love, I do not summon you to such efforts of self-denying philanthropy. It may not fall within the sphere of your duty, to utter a warning voice in the cell of the incarcerated, but along your quiet pathway, beset as it will be by forms of error and infirmity, you can pity and pray for those who are still prisoners of hope. I am sure that you would not willingly aid the dominion of evil, in a world on which you are newly entering, nor plunge deeper in the dark waters of perdition those whose feet have swerved upon slippery places.

Learn therefore the Christian alchymy that separates the sin from the sinner. With the first make no compromise. Think, and speak of it, with utter reprobation. For the latter, remember His patience, who would not "break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax."

Fear not that the kind word, or the encouraging smile to the erring, will sully your own purity. Let me again repeat, that it is not by perilling your own safety, or by partaking the infection, that your sympathies should

operate, but like the wise and benevolent physician, who strives to rescue a fellow-creature from the disease that he dreads and deprecates.

Be not content with an inert theory, with the sound of words, admitting that all have sinned, and gone out of the way : but look on the wanderer as on a sheep that hath strayed, and speak tenderly of the green pastures, and the still waters, and the waiting Shepherd to whom it may return.

Say not haughtily, you have forfeited your place in the fold. "In our Father's House are many mansions." Say not, you are bitten by the serpent, and must forever die. For "there is balm in Gilead, and a Physician there."



## Sketch of an Early Friend.

I wish to introduce to you one whom you would have loved, and who also would have loved you, for her heart was full of tenderness, and admiration for all that is beautiful and good. She was the most intimate companion of my early years, and filled in my heart the place that I think would have been assigned to a sister, had a sister been given me.

Ann Maria Hyde was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and born on the 1st of March, 1792. Her parents filled a highly respectable station, and she was nurtured with every care that tenderness could prompt, or wealth bestow. She had no brother, and her sister being sixteen years older than herself, and early transplanted by marriage to another home, she was reared with much of that idolatry of love, which is wont to centre on an only child.



Still, she was not injured by indulgence, but parental solicitude was repaid by the unfolding of sweet affections, and a brilliant intellect. Her gentleness of nature breathed upon all around, even upon the house-dog and the cat; the horse who daily drew her, seemed to raise his ear as if listening to her kind epithets, and she grieved to see even a reptile troubled. At an age when most children are occupied with the simple modifications of the alphabet, she was deriving entertainment from books; and though not indifferent to sports, and to intercourse with her dolls, found pleasure in solitary musing and in serious thought. In the historical and poetical portions of the Bible she especially delighted, and without direction from others, chose them for frequent perusal. When her tiny hands were too weak to manage a large volume of the Scriptures, she would pass hours stretched on the carpet, her little bright face bowed over its pages with intense attention, and sometimes earnestly enunciating passages that struck her ear, or affected her feelings.

What she thus treasured in her memory, it was also perceived that she correctly applied. Being once severely sick, while a very young child, she said, "I should be willing to die now, if it was not for my dear friends. But the Bible says, 'Whoso loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

Fondness for knowledge led her to love school, and her instructors. She distinguished herself from her earliest initiation, by obedience to their rules, and a scrupulous regard to their slightest wishes. As she grew older the accuracy and clearness of her recitations were conspicuous, the classic style of her written thoughts, and a propriety of demeanor which no evil example could overcome, or ensnare. At twelve, she was well grounded in the solid branches pursued at the higher seminaries; though her taste inclined to philosophical and historical studies, which she continued to prefer throughout life.

At the age of fourteen she left school, and became the companion of her parents, and a willing assistant in domestic cares. Her love

of nature more fully expanded, and the rural and romantic scenery of her neighborhood and native city became exceedingly dear. To an extensive course of reading, and frequent composition, a portion of her time was devoted ; and her father, whose fine mind had been disciplined by the theory and practice of jurisprudence, was gratified by her intellectual progress, while her mother was equally cheered by her ready participation in the details and mysteries of nice housekeeping.

In the shrinking delicacy of her nature, and her favorite themes of contemplation, the poetic temperament might be easily discerned ; and this, like all her other developments, was marked by precocity. One of her earliest effusions, written at the age of nine years, descriptive of the beauty of an infant nephew, evinced such harmony of numbers, that it was sent by a relative to the columns of a periodical. This was entirely unknown to herself, and when it was shown her in print, she burst into a flood of tears. Throughout her life, she continued occasionally to solace

herself with the composition both of poetry and prose; and after her death, a volume of selections from both was made, by the friend in whom she most confided.

But the beauty of her character was more fully drawn out by adversity. She had numbered eighteen years, ere the shadow of a cloud had darkened her horizon. Then, the loss of the husband of her only sister at sea, with the ship that he commanded, and the entire reverse of fortune that ensued to his family, and extended in some measure to her parents, called forth her deep and painful sympathies. With them, also, sprang up a noble principle, the desire by her own exertions to assist the mourning widow and her two fatherless children.

To engage, with this view, in the work of education became her desire. With surprise, her parents listened to her plans, and at length accorded their consent. With still greater surprise did the friends who knew her extreme diffidence, and her reluctance to leave home, even for a night, see the energy with

which she prepared to go to a distant part of the State, among entire strangers, to acquire a knowledge of painting, embroidery in silks, and some other accomplishments, which were then deemed necessary in a teacher of young ladies. It was the depth of a severe winter, when she entered the stage-coach for her journey, and became the member of a school, where, with the exception of one companion, she had never seen a face before. There, for several months, she, who had seldom left her own gates in unpleasant weather without the shelter of a carriage, took her daily long walks to school, regardless of storm or obstacle, and pursued while there, with the most undeviating perseverance, the acquisitions that were to fit her for future toil. Anxious that not a moment should be lost, she might be seen during the long evenings with her companions, plying the needle, by the parlor-fire of her boarding-house, or in her own little chamber, occupied with her journal, or those beautifully written letters that sustained the spirits of the loved ones at home, after

whom her heart yearned, as a newly-weaned child.

At her return home, she assumed the responsible office of an instructor of young ladies, some of whom were older than herself. How faithfully and patiently she labored for their good, and how meekly she resigned the indulgences of the paternal mansion, that she might superintend the pupils who were boarders with her sister, and under whose roof the school was conducted, I can bear witness, for side by side we shared the same cares and the same enjoyments. At the twilight hour, when our cherished flock had dispersed, we discoursed together of each individual, devising plans for their improvement, or happiness, until the shadows deepened into darkness. Light seemed the labors that were thus divided. Eminently was her heart formed for friendship. Tender sympathy, and inviolable constancy were parts of her nature. These she reserved for a few kindred spirits. Their sorrows were counted as her own ; their praises seemed even more to her than her own, for

they awakened warm gratulations, while those addressed to herself she scrutinized, and perhaps, with severe humility, rejected.

Her attachment to her relatives was peculiarly ardent. Perhaps, that to her father, might be styled predominant. Their tastes and intellectual pursuits were congenial, and from her earliest recollection he had made himself the companion both of her sports and studies. Advancing years and adversities had added to her filial affection an inexpressible tenderness. It was beautiful to see the blending of deep respect, with fond devotedness, that marked her whole manner towards him, her delight in his company, her earnest care to protect him from all fatigue, or anxiety.

His death was to her gentle spirit, a crushing affliction. The sickness that preceded it was sudden and marked with suffering. Night and day she was by his side. She could not consent that any other hand should prepare and administer either medicine or nourishment. Her diary records the variations of his state, almost hour by hour. When the last



change came, her wounded heart still breathed forth gratitude to God, for the calm and painless dismissal vouchsafed to the object of her deep and trusting love.

But the shadow of grief seemed long in passing away from the bereaved daughter. She returned indeed to her duties, but the broadest channel of earthly enjoyment was dry. That sublimation of soul, which ever looks upward for its perfect rest, became in her more entire. With tireless assiduity, she strove to comfort the widowed mother, and for her sake preserved a cheerful deportment. She took again the smile upon her beautiful lips, but it was not like her former smile.

She thought to forget her sorrows in the occupation of a teacher, and in her own desolated paternal home, surrounded herself by a few pupils, for whose improvement she fervently labored. They appreciated her efforts, and repaid them with grateful affection. This employment, with devising plans for the welfare and education of the fatherless son and



daughter of her sister, kept her energies in action, and solaced her affliction.

The reading of serious books, especially of sacred poetry, was the favorite occupation of her few intervals of leisure. The patient and gentle teacher was herself preparing for a more exalted class, and for an inheritance that fadeth not away.

About two years after the death of her father, she had an attack of fever. Its first symptoms were slight, but her discriminating mind seemed to apprehend the result, and made arrangements for even the slightest circumstance, as one who was to return no more. When the minutest item of unfinished business was discharged, she directed that her lifeless form should be laid by the side of her beloved father. Anticipating the delirium which is often a concomitant of that disease, she hastened to pour out to her mother and the other objects of her affection, the inmost thoughts of a heart so soon to take flight from all sublunary things.

Drawing her sister's face to the pillow, beside her own, she whispered,

“I have many things to say to you. Let me say them now, or perhaps I may not be able. You know how much I have loved you. Promise me that you will *now* seek religion, seek an interest in our Saviour, and prepare to follow me. For oh ! I never felt so happy before. Soon shall I be in that world

“ ‘ Where rising floods of knowledge roll,  
And pour, and pour, upon the soul.’ ”

And so, with many affectionate farewells to the weeping mother, and kind and sweet words to absent friends, and high communings with the Hearer of prayer, passed away at the age of twenty-four, a most lovely and exemplary being : so lovely and so exemplary that the friend who as a twin-sister had walked by her side for many years, pausing to reconsider this broken transcript, remembers no waywardness, or blemish, save what must ever appertain to our frail and fallen humanity.

Permit her to recommend to your imitation,

dear ones, her industrious improvement of time, her constancy in friendship, her filial and sisterly affections, her attention to domestic duties, which her intellectual tastes did not impair, and that humble piety, which was at once the basis and beautifier of all her virtues and attainments.

7\*

## Memories of Kindness.

WHAT are those gems in the heart's casket, that gleam with such steady lustre? What are those stars in the galaxy of life, that twinkle with so pure a ray? The *memories of kindness*.

There is the smile that cheered our childhood, the gift that brightened our holiday, the voice that gave confidence to our budding virtues, the hand that pointed us heavenward. There are the forms of our benefactors not enshrined as dead sculptures, but living, moving, acting. No matter though long years have closed over their tomb, they again open their arms to us, we sit at their feet, we listen to the same tones that instructed, or consoled, or gently aided us to subdue our faults.

Some minds are peculiarly prone to the re-

rospective action, others to the fanciful fashionings of futurity. The pleasures of one class are stable and steadfast, those of the others, illusive and insecure.

Hearts that are the most susceptible of gratitude and generosity, cherish most deeply the memories of kindness. Touching instances of their force occur throughout the life of Politiano, one of the early poets of Italy. His birth was in obscurity, about the year 1454; and the kindness of the Medicean family, who distinguished themselves as the patrons of genius, supplied him with the means of obtaining a good education. This favor he engraved as he ought, on the tablet of unfading remembrance.

Attracted by his precocity, and zeal in the prosecution of study, Lorenzo de Medici, whom you know in history by the title of the Magnificent, invited him to become a member of his household. Thus protected from want, and fortified by friendship, he devoted himself with indefatigable industry to the learning that he loved.

His first poem that received publication was written at the age of fourteen. It contained 1400 lines, and though not free from the faults of a juvenile production, breathed the true spirit of genius, and contributed to the establishment of a purer taste among the people. Not satisfied with the cultivation of poetical flowers, he disciplined his young mind by the severer study of languages, with criticism and illustration of ancient authors. Thus he examined Ovid, Suetonius, the younger Pliny, Statius, and Quintilian, portions of whose works, rendered more valuable by his explanations, were given to the public. At the close of his annotations on Catullus, a slight record informs the reader that he was then at the age of seventeen. Previously to this, he had made considerable progress in translating the Iliad into Latin verse, and had composed a poem, which in elegance was pronounced scarcely inferior to the Georgics of Virgil.

The miscellaneous writings of Politiano prove the variety and extent of his erudition.

The emendations on ancient literature with which they are interspersed, he was accustomed daily to repeat to his benefactor, Lorenzo de Medici, as they took their quiet rides on horseback, amid the luxuriant scenery of Florence.

With these congenial subjects, he mingled, as he advanced in years, those which were less fascinating, but more distinguished by utility. The system of jurisprudence that prevailed at that time in Italy was principally the Roman civil law, founded on the constitutions of the emperor Justinian. It became important that the few existing copies of that work should be compared, collated, and simplified for general comprehension; and this laborious undertaking was committed to Politiano.

His habits of research and investigation in this extensive field, purchased for him a high rank among the professors of law,—a science not often combined with the graceful and brilliant favors of the Muse. Popular applause followed his career, and of course rivalry and

detraction. One of his remarks, at this period of his life, it may be well to remember :

“I am no more elated by adulation, or dejected by obloquy, than astonished at finding my own shadow of unequal length at different times ; never having been led by that circumstance to suppose myself a taller man in the morning than at noon-day.”

The parting interview of the grateful poet with his patron, is touchingly narrated by Roscoe, the accomplished biographer of Lorenzo de Medici. When the time came that this great man was to die, having taken leave of his nearest relatives, and given to the son who was to inherit his honors, the last precepts of political wisdom and paternal love, he desired once more to see the man whose genius he had delighted to foster. As Politiano approached, he raised himself with difficulty on his couch, and affectionately taking both the hands of the poet, waited with a placid countenance till his sobs and tears should subside. But the tempest of grief only grew more violent from the attempt to restrain it, till at



length, rushing to his apartment, and prostrating himself, he yielded to the agony of its control. When its turbulence had abated, he was again summoned to his dying benefactor, and reclining by his side, and bending over the pallid face that he might lose no whisper of that faint, decaying voice, he listened to his parting words, poured forth the eloquence of gratitude, and exchanged the last farewell.

Brief, however, was to be the separation. After the death of Lorenzo de Medici, a cloud of sorrow settled on the mind of Politiano. As he was one day adapting to the mournful music of his lute, some elegiac verses he had composed as a tribute to his benefactor, he suddenly fell from a high flight of marble steps, and in consequence of the injuries he sustained, expired.

In this slight biographical sketch, we see the strong influences of a life-long gratitude on the susceptibility of the poetic temperament, as they were illustrated some 400 years ago. We would scarcely expect, or wish, a similar exhibition in our own differing times.

Memories of kindness as they now exist, are recommended simply as sources of happiness. They are the "sweet influences of the Pleiades," which we may salubriously bind, for ourselves and for others.

Keep fresh in your hearts, the images of all who have shown you kindness, who have given you knowledge, who have sympathized in your sorrows, or aided you to overcome your errors. Speak often of them, and of their generous acts. - These exercises of thought are healthful to the mind, and have the same effect on the satisfactions of life, that the spirit of praise has on the progress of piety.

If the memories of kindness are so sweet and salutary to ourselves, let us take pains to create them for others. The material of which they are made costs little, and is easily commanded. Pleasant looks, affectionate words, obliging deeds, courteous manners, are they not in the power of us all? These, with the tints of their quiet pencil, make unfading pictures in the gallery of life. The mind walks among them and finds solace.

Prepare some of these pictures for every one whom you know and love. Especially place one in the sanctuary of each child's heart with whom you are acquainted. It will be vivid when hoary hairs cover his temples. Long after you have yourself forgotten the slight favor, even after you are laid in the narrow house of silence, your name will linger on the lips of the indebted one, though greater services, if unaccompanied by kindness, may be buried in the gulf of oblivion.

There is great economy in giving pleasure to children. A trifling gift, a little kindness, goes a great way, and is long remembered. The habit of being made happy, nourishes the habit of making others so, and the husbandry of kindness reproduces itself.

The Rev. Sidney Smith has well said, that "childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a coloring of calm pleasure, and even in extreme old age, is the last remembrance that time can erase from the mind. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable

erable, is confined to the present moment. Mankind are always the happier for having been once happy ; so that, if you make them happy now, you make them so twenty years hence, through the memory of it. We are the happier throughout life, for having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time among pleasant people ; and it is more probably the recollection of their past joys, that contributes to render the aged so inattentive to passing events, carrying them back for enjoyment to a world that is past, and to scenes that can never again be restored."

Since the theory of kindness is so simple, yet so effective, my dear friends, cultivate its root in your own hearts, and entwine it around the hearts of others. With the memory of your earthly benefactors, blend also the kindred spirit of praise to your greatest and best Friend.

Praise Him, amid the mysteries of his providence, those concealed footsteps of his infinite wisdom. Praise Him, when he causeth grief and tears, those medicines for the soul's earth-

liness. Praise him for the light of every waking morn, for the shadow of every peaceful night, until the hush of the last evening cometh. Then, lift up the head and rejoice,

“For oh ! eternity’s too short  
To utter all His praise !”

So let the spirit of love be inwrought with this fabric of clay, that when it falls, the soul may find itself at home among seraphs, having learned their lore while on earth.

## Reminiscence of an Aged Man.

You have sometimes asked me in my letters to tell you a story. I think now of one which was related by a venerable friend. It was an incident in his own life, and as it was interesting to me, I hope may be to you also. Putting myself for a time in the place of the speaker,

“I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me.”

“The independence of our country was at length achieved. Tides of pride and pleasure flowed through my boyish heart. Never before had it felt such strong emotions. My earliest memories had been darkened by the troubles of war, for my lot was cast among those who took a conspicuous part in our Revolution. With breathless attention I had

listened to the noble men who, clad in rich uniform, sometimes surrounded my father's table, discussing the affairs of the perilous contest between the colonies and the motherland. There, I gazed on Lafayette, and Rochambeau, and De Grasse, and above all, the majestic Washington, whom none ever approached without reverence, or having once seen, could forget.

“After the consolidation of peace, in 1782, my father, being intrusted with public business at the court of France, took me with him. I was but a slender boy, and it was thought the voyage, and removal from the indulgences of home, might promote health and hardihood.

“During our visit in London, I was giddy with admiration and wonder. The parks, the palaces, the pomp, the never-ceasing throng, inspired me with a new sense of existence. Yet, methought there was toward our young republic a feeling as if its people were a species of fortunate brigands, who, for their strange success, were objects of curiosity, rather than of

kindness or respect. Possibly, this unpleasant consciousness had some mixture of suspicion on my part, but it vanished as we entered France. There, I beheld with enthusiasm the allies of my nation, in her time of adversity, and was greeted everywhere with that courtesy, which to me seemed as truthful as it was enchanting. In the galleries of the Louvre, beneath the trees of the Tuilleries, by the statues and fountains, I wandered in a reverie of delight.

“These satisfactions were however soon mingled with a somewhat severe course of study, which I pursued with various masters, under the especial charge of an abbé, seldom seeing my father, except at breakfast, or occasionally in the evening. The arrival at our hotel of an American lady with her son, whose society I was sometimes permitted to enjoy, was an event of no slight importance in my monotonous course of life. This youth was several years older than myself, of striking personal beauty, and heir to a large fortune. His mother, recently left a widow, centered her



sole earthly joy in this her only child. Dreading some tendency to pulmonary disease, of which his father had died, she decided on a voyage to Europe, that he might pass the wintry months in a more genial clime. Often did I regard with silent admiration his graceful form, and the rich chestnut curls that, according to the fashion of the times, clustered thickly around his brow, and fell loosely upon his neck, and the earnest love with which the fond eyes of that elegant woman followed his every movement. Held as I was under the stern rule of men, those marks of maternal tenderness which were ever showered upon him, seemed to me the most enviable privilege. The loneliness of exile from home, and the memory of my own far distant mother, caused me to long for one of those caresses which were lavished upon him, and which I could not help fancying he received with too little reciprocity. Sometimes my heart rose against him, for what seemed indifference of manner to such great affection, and I said—Is

it possible that filial feeling can be wanting in one so richly endowed ?

“ But seldom, while abroad, did I experience such utter and despairing home-sickness, as when on their departure for Italy, the young Montague bade me farewell, and his elegant mother kissed her hand to me from the window of their carriage. Ah ! how hard were my lessons, that day ! How deeply were the pages of Virgil and Telemachus saturated with tears !

“ The travellers, after visiting some of the Italian cities, chose Florence for their winter residence. There, on the banks of the Arno, by the side of sparkling fountains, or amid groups of statues, where a flood of moonlight floated as if fain to waken the marble into life, might be seen walking arm in arm, that happy mother and her son. Almost might they have been taken for lovers, so lightly had years left a trace upon the expressive countenance of the senior. Indeed, the sweetly combined influences of nature and art, the sole society of him who was all the world to her,

and the beauty of holy, requited affections seemed under the magic of that Italian sky, to have wrought out a more entire rejuvenation.

“ Not far from their habitation, was one occupied by an English family, who made advances to their acquaintance. Its head was a gentleman somewhat past the prime of life, and of noble extraction, but deficient in wealth to maintain the style that his rank required. He therefore preferred a residence on the continent, for its cheapness, having a large household of young children by a Neapolitan lady, whom he had married. He had also one daughter, twenty years of age, or more, by a former wife, who it was rumored was of low birth, and that the union had never been forgiven by his parents. Adelaide was not tall, but firmly built, with well-rounded limbs, a clear, Saxon complexion, fine teeth, and features strongly defined. Her mind had not been highly cultivated, but her vivacity was exuberant, and her much talking and loud laughter were repulsive to the

refined taste of the American lady. Ere long, the latter was painfully on her guard, perceiving a design to monopolize the attentions, perhaps the affections, of her son. She pointed out to him the faults, that were but too conspicuous, in the deportment as well as in the temper of Adelaide, and sought to withdraw him from her society. But every art to intercept her purpose was put in requisition by her opponents,—that free, convivial hospitality which is so alluring to a young stranger, and the flattery that captivates the unsophisticated.

“Reports had reached them that the Montagues were possessed of immense wealth, and the managing Neapolitan resolved if possible to dispose of to them the eldest daughter, who, with their many children and restricted finances, was considered a supernumerary. Montague was not destitute of attachment to his devoted mother, but regard for her wishes was too feeble to withstand the temptations that surrounded him. His visits were indeed less frequent, but he strove to conceal them; and thus the confidence that had heretofore exist-

ed, the only anchor of perfect love, was lost. Still, this secretiveness, to a woman of her observation, was but a flimsy veil. In the earlier stages of their intercourse with this English family, she had occasionally called, when she supposed her son to be there, that he might accompany her home. At length they bade the servants deny them to her, and if necessary, oppose her entrance.

“Her expostulations with her son became more earnest and impassioned. He soothed her by gentle words, disclaiming any serious intention of marriage, sometimes adding a promise not to repeat his visits, which he still continued to break.

“Her decision was therefore made to leave Florence ; and one evening as she sate long in lonely meditation, her son having been absent for the greater part of the day, she listened hopefully to every footfall, but in vain. The midnight hour drew on, and moved by unwonted energy, she invoked assistance from the magistrates of the city, and drove to the English hotel. She was rudely told by the

servants that they were not at home, but overcoming their resistance, made her way to the parlor. There, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and she left in utter darkness. Summoning to her aid the officer who was commissioned to attend her, he spoke in a loud voice, accosting the young man by name :

“ ‘ I am persuaded that you are here. I enjoin you to come forth, and submit yourself to your mother. It is my duty to see that this be done. I shall be punished by the authorities under whom I act, if I fail in my allotted duty. And I forewarn you all, that this house will be strictly searched, for the gentleman whom we demand. Therefore, if any are so unwise as to aid in this concealment, I counsel that, to save themselves trouble, he be delivered up without delay.’ ”

“ Then, from a recess whither he had been hurried by Adelaide, young Montague emerged, and, crestfallen, offered his arm to his mother. When they were in the coach, she set before him the servility and turpitude of the part

he was acting, unworthy of himself, of her, and of the name they bore. She reminded him that if there were truth in his assertions, that no marriage was contemplated, such intimacy of intercourse was disgraceful to all concerned. She depicted the miseries of an union with a bold, intriguing woman, older than himself, of masculine character and a selfish heart. She added that the amount of his inheritance might be materially affected by the course he should in future pursue ; as that portion of the estate which was vested in herself, by the will of his father, she should not feel justified in transmitting to him, if he was false to the principles which that father had enforced. Then, with a burst of tears, she exclaimed,—

“ ‘ Oh ! my son, let me no longer speak thus to you. For eighteen years you have been the pride of my heart. Destroy not that, and my life together. Be the prop and protector of my widowhood. So shall you please the pure spirit of the father who loved us both,



and doubtless from his heavenly home watches you with a seraph's eye.'

"Touched and ashamed, the recreant threw himself at her feet, imploring forgiveness, and promising to become all that her affectionate heart could desire. Trustful and hopeful, her reliance was again renewed, and she rejoiced to see him active in preparation for their departure to Rome. There, in the eternal city, she once more breathed freely, and leaned upon her lone and beautiful idol. Lingered together, amid the haunts that antiquity had consecrated, musing in the ruinous palace of the Cæsars, or beneath the awful shadow of the Coliseum, they seemed to forget that they had ever sighed. One evening, they were conversing later than usual, tenderly, and as it were, with the full confidence of early days. The next morning, she waited long for him at breakfast, but he appeared not. His own servant said that his master's door was still locked; and no reply being given to repeated calls, it was forced. He was not



there. The pillow was unpressed, and most of his wardrobe missing.

“Investigations through the police, elicited that a Florentine carriage, apparently containing two young persons, and driving with extreme rapidity, had passed the gates at midnight. Was it possible that Adelaide, throwing off all womanly delicacy, had come in person for him who seemed to have broken her snare? Could it be, that clandestine arrangements for an elopement had been carried on under the mask of such filial duty and affection? A horror of great darkness fell on the mother’s soul.

“After the first stunning shock, she roused to action those maternal energies that never die, while hope vouchsafes a single dew-drop for their nutriment. Ascertaining that the fugitives had taken the road to France, she with an experienced courier, and trusty servants, followed them without delay.

“The passage of the Alps at mid-winter, always a serious enterprise, was far more perilous in those times than in our own. Roads,

constructed with great labor and expense, which now diminish the danger, had then no existence. The tempest and cold of that season had been proverbially severe, and she who was about to encounter such exposure and hardships, had been nurtured and sheltered among all the luxurious appliances of wealth. But, when even the courage of the guide faltered, she ventured unappalled over ice-bound and mist-wrapt precipices, having ever in her eye, a bright image of him whom she had lulled on her breast to his infant slumbers. The thunder of the terrific avalanche reverberated from cliff to cliff, yet in her ear was a thrilling love-tone, that none but mothers hear. Fatigue unstrung every nerve, yet her endurance triumphed, for hope solaced her sleepless pillow with a song whose perpetual burden was, ‘*My son ! my son !*’

“After obstacles and casualties which the boldest traveller might have accounted formidable, they reached, amid a storm of blinding snow, the foot of the Alps. There, her almost superhuman strength failed, and in the miser-

able hostel of a meagre hamlet, she was smitten by a raging, wasting fever. Many days and nights life, like a waning lamp, flickered in its socket. Whenever she was able to raise her hand, or rule her bewildered brain, she pencilled, scarce legibly,—

“ ‘ Come to me. I am dying. Let me see your face once more before I die.’ ”

“ Many such brief scrolls were despatched to the absent son. Surely, they could not have reached him, for no answer came.

“ But nature again rallied, and sooner than the physicians deemed expedient, she demanded to be placed in her carriage. Stretched on the couch that was there spread for her, by slow stages, she proceeded on her way. Spring smiled gently on the sad traveller, and while it revived the naked tree, forgot not to bring her also some gift of renovation. And as the soul that hath not intentionally wandered from duty is never utterly desolate, there sometimes dropped upon hers, balm which she knew was distilled above the cloud.

“ Fair France unfolded the vine-leaf to

greet her, and the perfume of early blossoms floated on every breeze.—The vernal evening was deepening into darkness, as she passed the Parisian barrier. Busy memories of departed joy mocked and lacerated her. Shut in the depths of her heart was the mournful melody of Naomi, ‘I went forth full, and have returned empty. Yea, the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me.’

“Her directions had been so precise that she was driven directly to the hotel where her son was a lodger. Lamps had been just lighted, and the curtains dropped in a gorgeously furnished apartment, where two persons were silently sitting. As the door opened, and a lady muffled in travelling habiliments, approached with feeble and irresolute steps, a young man started from the divan, and folded her closely in his arms. There was no sound save that of bursting sobs, and then she sank fainting upon a sofa.

“Restoratives were hastily administered, and when light returned to her eye arose

broken murmurs of 'Oh mother! mother!'—  
'My son! my dear son!'

"Then Montague led forward Adelaide,  
"See!—my wife." And a tremulous whisper  
sighed on those white lips,

" 'Put my arms around her neck!' The  
half-lifeless arms were lifted, and laid as she  
directed, and the delicate, emaciated hands  
hung corpse-like over the shoulder of that  
young creature, while a voice, as from the  
depth of a troubled, yet subdued spirit, earnestly uttered,

" 'Ah, yes, *I will* be a mother to you.'

"After this—continued my venerable friend  
—I lost sight of the fortunes of the Montagues,  
until my foreign education was completed,  
and I returned to my native land. When my  
father took his seat in Congress, I was permitted  
with my sister, and two of her young  
friends, to accompany him and pass a season  
at New York, then our seat of government.  
While there, a letter arrived from the Montague  
family, urgently requesting me to visit  
them, and having obtained my father's con-

sent, I undertook the journey, with high anticipations of enjoyment. By arrangement I was to be the guest of the mother, at her city-home, and go as frequently as we chose to the country-seat of her son in the vicinity, where he and his wife, deeming the atmosphere more salubrious for their little child, held at that time their residence.

“I shall never forget the admiration with which I first beheld that mansion, half embosomed in lofty trees, and adorned with fair lawns and gardens, the bright waters dancing and sparkling here and there, and the air filled with the melody of birds.

“I seemed to gaze on the charms of a Florentine landscape, and said to myself, here surely is happiness. Montague and Adelaide greeted me warmly, and the affinities of European travel and adventure gave lively themes to our discourse, during our almost daily interviews. They were both buoyant with health, proud of their beautiful child, and surrounded by all the elegance and influence that wealth bestows. To me, unversed in the ways of the

world, and prone, as the young are, to be dazzled by whatever strikes the senses, it did not occur that there was no perfect unison of hearts.

“Once, as my visit drew near a close, the mother and myself, with a few select friends, were dining at the luxurious table of Montague. There Adelaide took occasion to speak repeatedly, in a loud voice, of what she termed the ignorance of her husband, and her utter contempt of his opinions. At length, the mother, who sate near her, in low tones, kindly, but firmly, admonished her. Then the choler of the lady broke forth unmitigated.

“‘What’s the use of keeping up such a show of ceremony? when every one knows that in spite of his money, *he is a fool.*’

“Our dessert was left untasted, and we walked in the garden, till our carriage came. My heart was grieved for the mother, but the silence of constraint and sympathy was upon us, and no allusion was made to a subject so painfully delicate.

“Two or three mornings after, I was awoke



by the tramp of horses in the court-yard. It was the coach of her son and his wife, who had come to take breakfast with us. During the repast, all made ill-sustained efforts for cheerfulness, and ease of manner. As we passed from the breakfasting-room to the parlor, a lawyer was announced. I would have withdrawn, but was requested to remain. Producing a paper, he read aloud articles of matrimonial separation, which had been drawn up at their mutual desire. They provided for Adelaide a liberal stipend, and liberty of immediate return to her parents in Europe. She was asked if they were entirely satisfactory. With an audible voice, she answered in the affirmative, adding that she should gladly go, never having felt at home for an hour in this hateful country. There was one more inquiry,

“‘Are you willing to leave your child?’ Without hesitation or emotion, she replied—‘Yes, I am.’ I gazed at her to see whether she were indeed a woman, or a fiend.

“Montague having expressed his approbation



of the articles, each was requested to add their signature. With rapid step she approached the table, and wrote her name in a bold, dashing hand. Yet methought I detected a nervous tremulousness about her compressed mouth. The young husband was pale as marble. What a scene!—The most sacred ties thus to be sundered without a tear.

“The legal part of the transaction having been finished, some conversation ensued about the journey and voyage of Adelaide, and as I was to leave in the morning, I was requested to take her in my charge. I replied that I had not experience enough to assume the whole responsibility proposed, but would engage to place her under the protection of the ladies of my family in New York, where my father, if desired, would make proper arrangements for her passage across the ocean.

“While we were thus discoursing, Montague stood in the recess of a window. Thither, after brief delay, Adelaide hastened. Through the rich curtains whose heavy folds partially enveloped them, I heard the sob of a female

voice. Had the love of a mother at length asserted its power, and awoke strong repentance? Or had she touched in a heart long her own, some chord of irresistible tenderness?

“We knew not. But they were in each other’s arms, and all forgiven. The instrument of separation crackled in the flames. The innocent child hung round the necks of its parents, and joy crowned the day that began in estrangement.

“The mother’s satisfaction at this reconciliation was subdued, and faintly lighted a face, once eminently beautiful, but where time and anxiety had commenced their ravages. Had the act which so nearly produced such decisive consequences, been solitary in its character, and not one of a series, hope might again have beguiled her, but now, she committed herself to the future, as only desirous to learn perfectly the lesson ‘*Thy will be done.*’

“For myself, though every attention that a lavish hospitality could devise, had been heaped upon me, I was thankful to escape. On my homeward journey, like a bird whose

exulting song is suddenly checked, I ruminated, a sadder and a wiser youth.

“Montague I saw not again, until after my own bridal. God had blessed me with a most lovely companion, nurtured in his holy fear, and with a pleasant home. One Sunday, a few weeks after our marriage, being detained from public worship by some temporary indisposition, a note arrived from Montague, saying that he was at a neighboring hotel, for only an hour or two, with a couple of gentlemen, his travelling companions, and would call on me, if my New England notions about the Sabbath would permit. Scarcely had I read the note, ere Montague was announced. But what a change! That once graceful form and noble face, bloated and marred by intemperance. He told me with coarse laughter that his wife had long since left him for her native clime, to return no more. Still unmoved by emotion, he added the intelligence that his mother and his child were both dead. Fixing my eyes with astonishment on his stoical features, I perceived that he was stu-

pified with wine. Both manner and speech revealed his debasement. His stay was short, for he said his party awaited him, anxious to pursue their journey.

“ Though I was not unmindful of my obligations to his hospitality, and would have reciprocated them, had circumstances allowed, yet was I secretly thankful that he took his departure before my sweet bride returned from church, for I would not that her pure taste should have been shocked by the profanity of such a guest. In the course of the same year, I heard of his sudden death, from the effects of a prolonged revel.

“ ‘ So Apoplexy, gorg’d Intemperance knocks  
Down to the earth at once, as butcher felleth ox.’ ”

My aged friend ceased. And his story, to me who was accustomed to hang with reverence on his lips, seemed not long. To you, my dear listeners, I hope it may not have been tedious. In your minds, I doubt not, are the same meditations that occupy my own,—the mournful ruin and its exciting causes.

Those disastrous elements in the character of the young man whose fortunes we have pursued, may probably be resolved into the early effeminacy of wealth, too much of maternal indulgence, too little of filial gratitude and love; but eventually and above all, to a rash union with a venal and vulgar spirit, destitute of those virtues and affections, without which domestic life can be neither happy nor safe, and woman's mission, like a falling star, is but a failure and an astonishment.\*

\* The incidents of this story were related to me by the late Daniel Wadsworth, Esq.

## The Future Home.

How rapidly do seasons sweep on, and years revolve. How soon will those, now in the course of education, close their text-books, and assume the weight of untried duties

Sometimes, in the hushed quietness of our pleasant school-room, when every young bright brow is bent over the studious page, a winged thought lifts the curtain from the future, and with magic pencil portrays each one as she may then appear.

Ask you how ?

Not under the parental roof, but in a home of your own, whither you have been drawn by a holy, confiding, deathless affection. I seem to behold the eyes, now so radiant with youthful spirits, express the more subdued and deeper felicity, of making all in your

little realm happier, and better. I hear the voices, long so sweet to my ear, impressing on those who look to you for nurture or counsel, the precepts by whose guidance you have yourselves walked in the ways of truth and honor. The benefits of your diligence and accuracy here, in study, in recitation, in treasuring what you acquire, I see illustrated in the regard there paid to a mind enriched by knowledge, and in its own inherent self-respect, and bless God that no mutation of fortune can rob you of this heritage. I perceive also, that intellects thus trained will be ever adding to their stores, thus keeping up in some measure, with the spirit of our advancing age, which registers its progress and aspects with the velocity of the rail-car, and the tension of the telegraph.

Methinks, I see each of you moving about, as spirits of happiness in a sphere of love. Nothing escapes your attention, that ministers to the comfort of those around. Nothing is performed as a task, but with that cheerfulness of manner, which makes duty a pleasure.

In the arrangements for the table, the adaptation of a wardrobe to the differing seasons, the provident care of supplies, the place of all articles essential to housekeeping, I admire your skill and order, and find a stronger argument for combining domestic tastes with the early and entire processes of female culture.

Neatness and order, characterize all your apartments. You are not emulous of display, knowing its heartless toil, its poor recompense, its liability to be ever out-done, and out-shone. You avoid extravagance, and are not ambitious to indulge in lavishness or luxury, which might bring anxiety, perhaps the pressure of debt on him, to whom you are bound to be a helper, and not a burden, or a snare.

You practise economy, not that you may hoard, but that you may be just, and generous. You remunerate with liberality all who serve you, counting the free punctual payment of honest industry, a species of charity. Your household assistants are incited to faithful service, yet cheered by a kind interest in their welfare; and even the well-being of domestic



animals cared for, by hearts that tenderly regard the humblest creature that the Almighty has made, and placed under their protection.

I perceive that you remember to send portions to the needy, and comforts to the sick; and that in your repository for distribution are books of instruction, and garments that you have yourself prepared for the aged and the orphan. This I should have expected from my intimate knowledge of your benevolent impulses, and your conscientious adherence to right principles and habits.

Still, this vision of your future home seems to have cheered me like an actual visit, and I feel heightened gratitude for the virtues that beautify our allotted sphere of action, and swell the amount of human happiness.

Perhaps you may think I more frequently recur to the subject of housekeeping, than is fitting for a teacher of other studies. But it is a science of broad extent, and minute detail. It cannot be grasped without due preparation, any more than a course of history could be achieved without laborious reading, or profi-

ciency in music secured without patient practice, or skill in painting attained without perception of color. The mistakes of a novice are detrimental to health, dignity, and just expectation. A favorite writer of our own sex has forcibly said—"What a happy day would that be for the country whose morning should smile upon the making of a law for allowing no woman to marry, until she had become an economist, thoroughly acquainted with the expenses of a respectable mode of living, and able to calculate the requisites of comfort, in connection with all the probable contingencies of life. If such a law should be so cruel as to suspend, for a year or more, every approach to the hymeneal altar, it would at least be equally effective in averting that bitter repentance with which so many look back to the hurried manner in which they rushed blindfold upon an untried fate, and only open their eyes to their madness and folly, when it is too late to avert the fatal consequences."

In looking abroad upon society, I cannot

fail to perceive that many vices owe their existence to the want of genial influences, and a system of comfort in the domestic sanctuary, or a neglect of care and prudence in those who regulate its polity. I see the torture of unfulfilled obligation driving men to desperation and despair; I see even the most fearful crimes of which the penal laws take cognizance, instigated either by inordinate desire of wealth, or by mistaken indulgence of the lavish and luxurious expenditure of a family.

Therefore, I would have you, beloved companions, content to be more simple in your appointments than your neighbors, if it is fitting that you should be so; and to believe that you have an intrinsic excellence which, apart from show or splendor, is capable of winning lasting respect and love. As your characters shall more fully develop, amid the joys and duties of that future home, which in fancy we have thus explored, may it be said of you, as it was of the fair, high-souled Jewess, in the camp of Assyrian foes,—“Who can

despise a people, that have among them such women !”

I find it in my heart to say to you, dear friends, as though I were in truth your guest, sitting by your own fireside, Go on, and faithfully fulfil woman’s mission. In benevolence it is akin to theirs, who “ bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone.” Keep their blessed example before you, and in your home ministrations cultivate a smile, and let it be the smile of the spirit. Never repine at what cannot be altered, nor suffer even the regrets of omitted duty to sadden your deportment, but rather to quicken more watchful zeal for the guidance of the future.

The most cautious must sometimes be instructed by their own mistakes. If we must ourselves buy the costly wares of experience, we will try to conduct the traffic with as little loss and as much good-humor as possible. An English clergyman, in treating of domestic responsibilities, has well said,—“ It is as easy to keep a calm and cheerful house, as a neat and orderly one. Almost any one may be for-

bearing, courteous, and polite, in the abode of a neighbor. If aught goes wrong there, or out of tune, we make efforts to excuse it, or perhaps, to show that it was scarcely observed or felt. This amiable conduct is quite easy, and natural, in the house of a friend. What is therefore so involuntary in the home of another, I will not believe to be quite impossible in our own; but maintain without fear that all the courtesies of gentle and refined intercourse may be upheld, and evinced in domestic life. A husband, as willing to be pleased, and as anxious to please, in his own home, as in that of another, and a wife as intent to make things as comfortable and pleasant every day in her family, as on set-days to her guests, cannot fail to make a happy household."

Possibly, you may imagine that too much stress is laid on the amenities of manner, and the every-day occupations of home. Yet the most clear-sighted and rational observers, pronounce them to be essential elements in the science of human happiness. "Those who

are happy here," says a philosophical writer, "are more likely to be happy hereafter."

How beautiful is this brief life, with its succession of duties adapted to every hour, from dawn till evening's close, through which, in the sunlight of a never-tiring benevolence, we may go "from strength to strength, till every one of us in Zion appeareth before God."

How beautiful is life in its affections, that guard the cradle of infancy, sing bird-like among the flowers where youth wanders, smooth the hoary temples of age, and bend in tearful tenderness when the "silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern."

How beautiful is life with hope, lining the cloud with silver, and arching the storm with a heavenly bow, and pointing to a higher existence, which we may enter as a glorious temple, from this dim vestibule to joys which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither the heart of man conceived."

You are now passing through the most

beautiful season of this beautiful earthly life. What the spring is to the year you are to us, who love you, the blossom, the perfume, the promise.

May the blossom expand into the perfect flower, and its perfume cheer all who approach it, until its promise be made good both for time and eternity.

## Loans.

A LOAN is an entrusted possession, to be returned or repaid. When not limited by any stipulated term of continuance, it may be reclaimed at the volition of the owner ; and its temporary use is wont to imply favor, or obligation of gratitude.

In strictness of definition, all our earthly possessions are loans. We are indeed accustomed to speak of them, as if their title was inherent in ourselves ; but how often does their unannounced departure rebuke this error, and disclose the tenure by which they were held.

All history is but a field to illustrate the perishable nature of the gifts that ambition covets. Even the limited course that we have as yet together pursued, has often shown



us the laurel, the sceptre, and the plume, vanishing "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Multitudes who, by virtue or valor, laborious service or hazardous enterprise, deemed themselves both worthy and secure of popular distinction, have been made striking examples of its uncertainty. Thus it was with Aristides in his banishment, and Socrates, under the chill of the hemlock, and Columbus in his sequestration at Valladolid, and the fallen Wolsey, in his remorseful admission,—

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, He would not in my age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Still more touching was the exclamation of the noble Strafford, on his way to the scaffold, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, with whom there is no help."

The strongest antitheses of fortune and of fate have been exhibited in different ages and climes, by those who have held the hereditary sway, and borne the envied insignia of royalty. Aspiring like the eagle to make their nest

among the stars, they have fallen as the sparrow which the fowler pierces.

Hippias and Hipparchus taught ancient Greece the frailty of power and pride, when Vengeance unsheathing the sword "by myrtle leaves concealed," struck one a lifeless corpse, and drove the other a fugitive to Persian wilds. The same lesson was early given to iron-hearted Rome by the young sons of Ancus Martius, when the sceptre on which they would fain have fixed their grasp, changed like the rod of Aaron into a serpent, and wrapped in peasant's weeds, they fled away, leaving a stranger seated upon their father's throne.

Mournful was the voice from England, our own ancestral clime, when the second Stuart came forth, beneath the shadow of his own palace at Whitehall, to die, and one of the meanest of the people reddened his axe in the lifeblood of his anointed sovereign. France made her sixteenth Bourbon, and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, beacons, amid the quicksands of pomp and splendor, when she hurried them from the brilliant fêtes of the Tuilleries,

and the fascinations of Versailles, to the bar, the dungeon, the guillotine. Buonaparte read the startling "*Mene, Mene, Tekel*," on the floating banner of the Allied Powers, in the capitulation at Paris, in the solitude of Elba, on the cliffs of the great, gray, imprisoning rocks at St. Helena. There, the heavy surges, as they broke upon the shore, told hoarsely, day and night, of the glory that had departed, as erst the ghostly "majesty of buried Denmark" accosted the musing, melancholy Hamlet.

Wealth is among the most coveted and the most transitory gifts. It is needless to revert to storied annals, or to foreign lands, for a commentary on the inspired assertion, that it takes to itself wings and flees away. It is subject to the unfriendly sway of all the elements. Fire may devour it, water submerge it, earth swallow it, winds obliterate it. Its tendency to transition, to disappearance, without leaving a trace behind, is obvious to common observers; while the con-

scientious mind perceives yet another formidable evil, the *danger of abuse*.

“What way can Christians take,” says the pious and clear-minded John Wesley, “that their money sink them not into perdition? There is but one way, and no other, under heaven. And this is that way,—let those who *get* all they can, and *save* all they can, likewise *give* all they can. Then, the more will they grow in grace, and the more treasure will they lay up in heaven.”

Wealth, unallied to benevolence and a sense of responsibility, is a loan perilous to our eternal interests. Faithfully used, as a means of influence, of imparting happiness, of relieving sorrow, of enlightening ignorance, of diffusing a knowledge of the Gospel, it is one of the richest blessings. But since the true standard of man's excellence cannot “be laid in the balance with gold, neither shall silver be weighed as the price thereof,” let us seek to amass treasures that can neither escape, rust, or be alienated. And since reverses of fortune are so frequent as scarcely to excite

surprise, we will, should they befall us, endeavor to meet them calmly, with a willingness to make changes, sacrifices, or exertions, as the case may require ; for those can better spare adventitious good, who have like yourselves that which is self-derived and independent.

Some of our loans expire by their own limitation. The season of youth is one of this nature. Its beauty, and the attractions that depend upon it, must pass away. Concealment, resistance, regret, are alike ineffectual. The rose and lily upon the cheek, like their prototypes in the garden, will blight and fade. Carry not in your hearts, because of this, the secret murmur of ocean's tinted shell. Time will strangely tarnish and shred away the shining, luxuriant tresses. Be not afraid, or ashamed of his snows. He will scarcely forget to furrow the forehead. Meet his ploughshare with an added smile. The eye must abate in its power and brilliance ; perchance, the ear forfeit its exquisite perceptions, and the limbs their elastic play.

Why do I draw this unpleasant picture, ask you ? That I may impress, what I trust you will not fail to exemplify—the precept to grow old gracefully. Avoid the unequal and fruitless contest with time ; the attempt by gay dress, or frivolity of manner, to hoodwink and deceive. Never fall into the weakness of denying your true age. There is no disgrace in an early date, or in having numbered many years, unless they have been misapplied or useless. I advise you also not to be ashamed of gray hairs, or to take much trouble in hiding them. There is a beauty in fitness, and I have ever admired the temples silvered by time.

Toil not to arrest fleeting charms, so much as to supply their place. Grave Autumn may not wear the buds of Spring : yet there is a beauty that surmounteth age. God hath given to every period of life, as to every changing season, its peculiar charm. Take, therefore, with you, to advancing years, should they be appointed you, their own perennial adornment, a cheerful interest in the young,

and in passing events, a deepened spirit of forbearance, a broader charity, and the smile of those who dwell nearer to the angels :—for goodness and love have a perpetual youth, and, as they approach their native clime, should reflect its sun beam. Take the beauty of heaven in exchange for that of earth, and be content.

Next to the salvation of the immortal soul, our most precious treasures are our dearest friends, the partakers of kindred blood, and of fond affection. These too are loans. By the tenure of this changeful existence, they are either to go from us, or we from them. The order of precedence is in the counsels of the Eternal. Whether the silver-haired grandsire shall be first summoned, or the cradled babe, the father in the pride of his strength or the daughter growing up like a pure violet under his protecting shadow, the mother in the tenderness of her unfaltering love or the son upon whose young arm, as a cherished prop, her weariness reposed, is known only to Him, the Former of our frame,

who remembereth that we are but dust. "For within a little while we return to that, from which we were taken, when the life that was lent us, shall be demanded."

But in what manner should the heart's loans be restored? We return a book to its owner, with thanks for the privilege of perusal, and repay money with interest for its use. How shall the soul's chief jewels be rendered back, when He who entrusted, sees fit to reclaim them?

Without tears? No. The voice of nature must have utterance. It is permitted us to weep, but not to murmur, to question, or to repine. With the grief that attends the departure of our precious ones, we should mingle gratitude for the period of intercourse and enjoyment that has been vouchsafed us; and praise, if they were fitted for a higher state of existence, and called by the smile of a Father, to His home in heaven.

Thus should we leave our dearest earthly friends, yea, and our own lives also, in His hand, whose infinite wisdom and love will do



no wrong, either to us, or to them. *Our own lives*, said I? Is there aught that we can call our own? The eloquent Apostle answers us:—"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which is God's."

So may we live, beloved, that when called to resign this fleeting breath, we may pass fearlessly and trustfully behind the veil that now divides us from the world unseen. And may the communion we have thus had together, of the nature of our earthly loans, the uncertainty of their continuance, the suddenness of their flight, and the fitting mode of their restitution, assist us faithfully to use, or meekly to resign them, and with an eye ever raised to Him who hath a right, when He will, and where He will, to reclaim His own, "revere Him, in the stillness of the soul."

## On Intercessory Prayer.

You know well, my dear young friends, the pleasure of sharing what you value, with those you love. Not only are your treasures by this partition made more precious, but the hopes and the joys, thus imparted, acquire both a deeper zest and a higher nature. Selfish satisfactions your affectionate hearts would neither covet, nor enjoy.

Of this, I am the more convinced by observing the eagerness with which you apportion the freshly gathered flowers among your companions, the smile that sheds into their bosoms the superflux of your own happiness, the tear that more perfectly than words speaks, your sympathy in their sorrows. You do not confine to your own breasts, a pleasant item of intelligence, an interesting book, an attain-

ment in knowledge. You feel that each must be participated in, by kindred spirits ere they can be made complete.

Blessed spirit of benevolence ! How fitting that it should pervade every hour of the life of a woman, and a Christian. “None of us liveth unto himself,” saith the Apostle, “and none of us dieth unto himself.” So that even the pangs, the solemnities, the bereavements, with which this changeful pilgrimage closes, are for the benefit of others. Thus they learn to take deeper into their souls the lesson of their own mortality, to prepare for it, to moderate inordinate attachment to a life they are so soon to leave, and to examine the foundations of that faith which alone is able to sustain them, when the crumbling shores of time betray their footing.

You have already tasted the delight of dividing your possessions, your sentiments, your sympathies. You know how to heighten your own happiness by increasing that of those whom you love, how to cheer the stranger, how to enlighten the ignorant, how to relieve

the poor. Glorious lessons have you learned, for young travellers in this changeful clime, where the cloud and the tear follow the sun-beam.

Shall I point out to you yet another step in your ascending progress—the diffusion of spiritual riches? You have been taught the privilege of prayer, and the foundation on which it rests. The blessed precept, “Ask, and ye shall receive,” has been practically familiar, since those days of infancy, when the mother’s kiss composed you to slumber, and while your feeble articulations, as yet untrained to higher efforts of devotion, chained her delighted ear with that sweetly simple orison—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

If therefore you may speak to your Father in heaven, with hope that your errors shall be forgiven, your best resolves fortified, your adversities turned into gain, remember in your supplications the souls of others, who have need of the same blessings.

May we use such an expression as the *selfishness of prayer*? If we may, and if our solitary devotion, should reveal that tendency, let us seek and ask for more expansive charity. If a wide benevolence of the things that perish, brings a reward to the giver, may not the effort to impart those that last forever, also bring into our own bosoms “good measure, pressed down and running over?”

“I said, I will water my best garden,—is the beautiful comparison of the son of Sirach—I will water abundantly my garden bed; and lo! my brook became a river, and my river was turned into a sea.”

A pious youth, who felt himself called, while a student in college, to the work of a missionary, found, in breaking the ties of home and native land, that the strongest and most painful in its severance, was the one that bound him to a tender mother, bowed down with the affliction of blindness. Yet she resigned him to what she deemed the designation of the Holy Spirit, and her sightless eyes were lifted in prayer, as she gave the

parting blessing. During his long voyage on the stormy ocean, and in the rude huts of the heathen, where he spoke the name and the love of a Saviour, her image seemed ever beside him. A prominent theme of his frequent letters was to moderate her grief for his loss.

“Dearest mother,” he wrote, “I know you are often at the throne of grace, where you led me in my infant years. Now, when you kneel there, I entreat you not to supplicate for *your son alone, but for the children of others*; not only for the heathen among whom his lot is cast, but for other portions of our Lord’s vineyard, and for other laborers also.”

Thus he sought to alleviate the mourning of the desolate, sightless mother whom he loved, by the exercise of an all-pervading charity, a self-sacrificing spirit, carried not only into daily duty, but into the secrecy of communion with God. A deep religious experience taught this young disciple, that the strong anguish of the soul is best alleviated by seeking the welfare of other souls.

We have together admired in the pages of the Book Divine, the pathetic and poetical delineation of the sorrows of the patriarch Job. At its close, we read that “the Lord turned his captivity.”

*When* was it turned? When he lamented in the bitterness of his soul, and cast maledictions on the day of his birth? When he deplored with such touching eloquence the frailty of man, “born of a woman, who hath but a few days to live, and is full of vanity?—who cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, who fleeth also like a shadow and continueth not?” When kindling into boldness, almost arrogant, he exclaimed to the Omnipotent,—“Show me wherefore thou contendest with me, and countest me as an enemy?” No. Neither to his complaints, his eloquence, or his despair, was the gift accorded. The deliverance came “*when he prayed.*”

And for whom did he pray? For *himself*? That the crushing weight of adversity might be removed? his rifled wealth restored? his fearful desolations rebuilt? and the contempt

that wounded his heart, softened into sympathy? No. "The Lord turned the captivity of Job, *when he prayed for his friends.*"

Beautiful lesson! Let us not fail to learn it. When he prayed *for his friends*. Sweet will that duty be to you, my loved ones, whose hearts by the promptings of affection, and the pursuits of knowledge, have been so brought into unison. Be equally faithful, when in the school of a future life any of your number are found worthy of promotion to what has been wisely designated, as those "*higher studies, miscalled adversities.*" Then spread their sorrows as if they were you own, to the ear of Perfect Love. Plead that each of your dear companions may lose no portion of the good that was intended by a Father's discipline. For it is a great loss to lose an affliction.

Intercede daily for them, as for yourselves. A day without prayer, is life that hath no life in it. Constant intercourse with the wise, increases wisdom, and with the good, deepens a desire of imitation. But the wisdom and goodness of the best of mankind, have bounds and



infirmities. One Being alone is, in his glorious attributes, infinite and unchangeable. To be permitted to approach Him, with confidence and intimacy, is an unspeakable privilege. To hold unbroken communion with Him, must be in some measure to partake of His spirit.

Not alone at those seasons when the reflecting mind turns spontaneously to Him, at the birth of day, or the slumber of night, not alone at the appointed periods of Sabbath-worship, or sacred festival, but in the solitude of the soul, at all times, and in every place, by ejaculation, or voiceless thought, cultivate intercourse with Him, and say,—“My God! be near us.”

Thus, in the arms of faith and prayer, continue to bear up all who are dear to you, until the great ends of this our pilgrimage being accomplished, you shall have no longer need to ask,—having received what the world cannot give,—nor to seek,—having found entrance to the society of an “innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect.”

## The Farewell.

ALMOST unutterable emotions oppress me, beloved ones, as I look upon you this day, for the last time. Can it be so? The *last time*, did I say?—The mind refuses the idea.

As I scan your affectionate group, I perceive the faces of some who first met me here, when as a stranger I began among you the work of education. Life-guards have you been to me, in all my needs; sisters and friends to whom I have turned, not in vain, for a correct example, a strengthening sympathy. Often have I felt fervent gratitude that you, and others of our dear circle have been so long continued with me, that I might see clear indications of the good seed ripening for the harvest, and more permanently aid you in detecting the tares which are prone also to

spring among the wheat. When I compare you with what you were, five years since, I praise Him who hath given the soul its power of endless progression, and bade it bring forth fruit for immortality. Five years since ! I then stood before you with secret trembling. My heart, conscious of its own weakness, and of the weight of its trust, asked with jealous scrutiny, "Thou who hast such need to be taught thyself, art thou a *teacher of others* ?

You knew not the painful diffidence that then oppressed me. Yet you were my comforters. By sweet compliance with my wishes, and visible improvement in knowledge, you became my crown of rejoicing. At our first acquaintance, some of you were unconscious of your innate powers. Now, you readily compute and command your own intellectual forces ; what is difficult, you fearlessly vanquish ; what is intricate, you dissolve by patience. I have long viewed you as my fellow-travellers. Ah ! if we are no more to walk side by side, may we still keep that blessed road which terminates on the Hill of Zion.

Slacken not in your pursuit of whatever is true in principle, and beautiful in practice. Contend with indolence, with self-complacency, with that passion for ornament which would fain decorate the superstructure, leaving the foundation unstable and unsound. Cultivate self-knowledge, perseverance, piety. Leave nothing unsaid, or undone, that duty prompts. Every day plant, at least, one good deed in the garden of life. Though hidden or forgotten, it will revive. "It may seem to be dead but it will sprout again, the tender branch thereof shall not cease." The seed of heaven is never lost.

About to pass the threshold of an untried sphere of action, I shall still be mindful of your cause. New attachments, new cares, bright visions of happiness, will never obliterate my sympathy in your welfare, my desire for your improvement in all excellence. I can never meet you, without the cheering thought—"There is one who has been to me a child, a sister, a friend." For we were a little community whose bond and main-spring was love.

In language not to be mistaken, in the fond glance of the eye, the fervor of respectful attention, the fruitful inventions of tenderness, I have seen the depth and constancy of your regard. The interchange of affection has so lightened my labors, that when some have pitied me under what they deemed the pressure of fatigue, or while contending with the wild blast, or wintry storm, accounted me but as a worn and wearied school-teacher, hastening to be punctual to the appointed hours of toil, my heart has been rapturously exclaiming,—“How good and how pleasant it is, to serve those who dwell together in unity.” Oh! continue to love each other, when I shall be taken from you. Make some other instructress as happy as you have made me.

Yet when I turn from you to myself, mournful reflections oppress me. When I think of the immense influence of education upon individual character upon social energies, upon the welfare of future generations, and the destinies of eternity, when I realize that this fearful instrument has been entrusted to my

hand, and that its application was faint, feeble and imperfect, when I remember what I might have done for you, and see how much is left undone, I feel the bitterness of compunction, and take refuge alone in that Intercessor who hath compassion on our infirmities. May we stand at last before our Judge, in the robe of His righteousness, and may not one of this united band fail of entering the mansions which He has prepared for those that love Him.

Methinks, I hear, mingled with rising sighs, the whispered question, "When shall we meet again?" Ah! *when!* and *where!*

The wearied sun may journey toward the west,  
Inspiring morn renew her rosy charms,  
The changeful earth by flow'ry spring be drest,  
Or sink to sleep in winter's snowy arms,

Days, months, and seasons, in their courses move,  
The silver orb of night increase and wane,  
Impetuous time roll on his mighty tide,  
But never bring us all to meet again.

Revolving years may steal that youthful grace,  
Stay the light step in its elastic tread,

Care, on your brows impress a furrow'd trace,  
And age his honors on your temples shed,  
Unceasing change may mark our earthly lot,  
Bid strangers, foes, or wandering tribes to meet,  
Yet never more to this delightful spot  
Conduct again our long-accustom'd feet.

When next we *all shall meet*, the hopes and joys  
That hold our spirits in their airy sway,  
Life's fleeting visions, and delusive toys,  
And Time's probation shall have past away ;

Death and oblivion, in their withering flight,  
On this frail globe enstamp their sable seal,  
And dread eternity's unfading light  
Illume that Bar, from whence is no appeal.

*How* shall we meet at that decisive day,  
Ah ! who can ask without a trembling heart ?  
Ah who can wish and yet forbear to pray,  
For a blest home in heaven no more to part.

No more to part ! Oh ! catch the blissful sound.  
To dwell where sin and sorrow ne'er annoy,  
To range forever one celestial bound,  
And strike the same seraphic harp of joy.

So, let us live as those who seek to gain  
The full fruition of this faith sublime,  
And with a Christian's constancy sustain  
The light afflictions of this changeful clime,

With songs of praise each cup of mercy share,  
With earnest hand each duteous task perform,  
As those who see the unerring Father's care,  
Appoint the sunbeam and control the storm.

Then, shall blest memory, with her halcyon power,  
Retouch past scenes and cherish'd joys renew,  
And the pure spirit of each well-spent hour,  
O'er life and death, unfading garlands strew.

Fain would I linger yet longer, my precious ones, among these treasured recollections, but fate summons us away. Fain would I give utterance to thronging thoughts, to precepts oft repeated, yet never enough enforced. But there is no more time. The blessed season when it was my part to teach, and yours to listen, is past, never to return. Henceforth I can only say,—Remember the sweet counsel that we have here taken together. *Remember!*

Now, is the bright chain of our intercourse sundered. Bind to your loving hearts its links, broken, yet beautiful. Engrave there, also, as with a diamond's point, the glorious motto, "Give diligence, to be found at last, in peace, without spot, and blameless."



SECOND PART.



## My Schools.

THE ruling tastes of the mind, are revealed by its reveries. Could the inner life of individuals be scanned, it might be found, that the strong aspirations of childhood for any pursuit or occupation, is often verified in future years. Whether the prevailing current of the mind helps to shape out its own course, and the strong will, smites down the barrier of opposing circumstances, or whether the preference itself, is a sort of prediction, or prescience, or adaptation to future destinies, as "coming events cast their shadows before," we leave to more acute metaphysicians.

Almost every one might, probably, in his own history trace some coincidences between his early-cherished anticipations, and his lot, like the venerable Mrs. Hannah More, whose

favorite sport was on her coach made of a chair, to play "go up to London, and see bishops, and booksellers."

My own predominant desire, lowly yet persevering, and coeval with the earliest recollections, was to *keep a school*. This furnished the principal drama of my reveries, and mingling with snatches of song, and fragments of rhyme, that came I knew not whence, peopled and gave a voice to all solitude. For that solitude of the heart was mine, which is known only to those who have neither brother nor sister, and who pass their tender years among old and grave people, from whom they may learn wisdom, but can scarcely expect sympathy. Therefore I made to myself ideal companions, with whom I held free and full childish communion.

Such intervals of leisure as I could command, for in those days, children were made industrious with the needle and knitting-needles, as well as with their books, were much devoted to musings, and imaginary conversations. Wakeful periods on the couch were

thus devoted, and that night was held blamable, which absorbed wholly in sleep those habitual contemplations. In the most cherished and vivid pencillings of fancy, I was ever installed in the authority and glory of a school-mistress, counselling, explaining, or awarding premiums, always listened to, regarded and obeyed. And my scholars were all precocious, plastic, beautiful, and deserving of distinction.

Nor were those dreamings quite destitute of utility. As they created a deeper indwelling in the profession which I had secretly chosen, they gave also some practical preparation for it. When old enough to become a pupil, and inclined to question, as beginners are prone to do, where can be the necessity of so many studies and such tiresome repetitions, a bright vision, that they might be useful to my own scholars gleamed before me, dispelling scepticism, and putting weariness to flight. If an abstruse problem, or intricate Latin idiom, perplexed comprehension, and put childish patience at a stand, the thought that this

knowledge would be expected of me, when I became a teacher, infused new energy and a conquering courage.

My school-days were eminently happy, and stimulated by an unslumbering ambition to excel. My first initiation into the mysteries of scholastic lore was at the age of four ; at a district school of some seventy members. Among my strongest recollections of that period, are the sternness of the teacher, to whose face I dared not lift my eyes, and the altitude of the older pupils. Especially the broad-shouldered boys, as they graciously made room for me, when sometimes I passed them in detachments, on my way to the head of the spelling-class, seemed to my wondering eyes capable of bearing the burdens of Atlas, or performing the exploits of Hercules. Orthography was in those days a prominent branch of education, earnestly enforced, and hedged round by the ambition of "going up," and the disgrace of "going down." I have doubted whether it was as thoroughly taught in modern times.

As I advanced in age, the course of study was interspersed by occasional attendance at schools where the skilful uses of the needle, in application to necessary as well as ornamental fabrics, were taught with precision and elegance. These attainments ought never, I think, to be omitted in the culture of our sex, entering visibly as they do, into feminine duty, respectability and happiness. During the two last years of tutelage, my privileges were greatly enhanced, being enrolled among the twenty-five members of a select school, under the charge of gentlemen of high erudition, and earnest piety. The improvement of our classes, in the various sciences, was well-founded and rapid. Our text-books were comparatively inferior, for the most gifted men had not then bowed with surpassing benevolence to simplify the rudiments of learning. Such also was the distant and dignified style of association between the instructor and the instructed, that to request explanation was not common. I cannot remember, in the whole course of my education ever venturing

to ask of any teacher the solution of difficulty in my lessons. One principal cause of this, on my own part, was great constitutional diffidence; and another, the enthusiastic homage which I cherished for teachers and their office; counting them but "a little lower than the angels," and feeling sufficiently honored by being permitted to reply to their questions, without seeking to add any remark, or suggestion of my own.

Some advantage was derived even from the barrenness of our text-books, and the ceremonious modes of intercourse, for being able to discover no "royal road" to knowledge, we became in a measure our own pioneers; and the young mind thus inured to toil and self-reliance gathered vigor and acquaintance with its own capacities. We were also strongly stimulated by emulation. I now recall with fresh pleasure, the intense industry of that period of life, when after the close study of a long winter evening, my books were laid under the pillow at retiring, as sentinels, lest the newly-acquired ideas should chance to escape. They



were also consulted with the dawning light, if in the solitary recitation of lessons, to myself as a teacher, aught of doubt or hesitation occurred. Such was my respect for my older school-master, as well as the preceptor, that a mistake in their presence would have been a stigma scarcely to be endured. On the premiums for scholarship, and rewards of merit that were offered, I fixed my eye with an intenseness of effort that knew no repose ; and if they were gained, whether medals, books, or written certificates, I was fain to receive them with an overflow of tears ; for notwithstanding my efforts had known no remission, I could not convince myself, but what the reward was a kind gift from the teacher, rather than worthily won.

This halcyon period of existence was but too short. My parents having been forewarned by some well-meaning friends, that my proficiency in study, which they were pleased to say, was already more than sufficient for a woman, would create distaste for the duties that eventually devolve on our sex, withdrew

me from school, at the age of thirteen, when in the full tide of improvement. This well-intended policy, which took the form of severe disappointment, disclosed in the end some of the sweet uses of adversity. Having the undivided use of a pleasant chamber, and access to good authors, I took a wider range of history and literature, than any school to which I could have access allowed; and the cheerful aid rendered to my mother, in her household cares, was so mingled with the solace of the pen, that a new, and more fruitful growth of happiness, like fresh verdure, overspread the garden of life.

Yet there came upon me, with my next birth-day, another sorrow, my first great grief, the death of a venerable lady, who, from my dawn of being, had seemed to me the pattern and exemplar of all lovely and hallowed things. I refer to Madam Jerusha Lathrop, the daughter of Governor Talcott of Hartford, and widow of Dr. Daniel Lathrop of Norwich. She possessed high intellectual tastes, and many accomplishments, which with all lowli-

ness of soul she laid at the feet of Jesus, that she might learn His word. My parents being tenants of a part of her mansion, it was my blessing to be born under her roof, and to share in some measure that tender affection, once borne for her own children, three promising sons, of whom she was early, and suddenly bereaved. Advanced age had marked her features ere I beheld them, for she was fourscore and eight at the time of her death, yet to me she was beautiful, and I have ever loved for her sake the brow crowned with silver hairs.

One of the bright traces on the opening scroll of life, is that of listening to her rich vocal music, seated upon her knee, or in a little green arm-chair, at her feet. I was also happy to be permitted to read aloud to her, being able to begin that exercise at the age of three, and though the rich mass of juvenile literature that now greets the unfolding mind was then a terra incognita, received with gratitude, whatever antique tome she was pleased to give me from that highly-

polished mahogany cabinet, whose hidden treasures were to me like the promised land. Hervey's Meditations, Young's Night Thoughts, or the Discourses of Sherlock and Tillotson, were alike welcomed, because she chose them ; for her elucidations and love made all authors delightful.

From her affluence and position in society, she desired to derive no other distinction than that of a wider benevolence. It was my privilege to see her daily transcript of the proprieties and harmonies of Christian life, and as I grew older, sometimes to be the almoner of her unresting charities. She was my first, best instructor ; for there is no teaching like that of a consistent, loving, holy example.

I may be in danger of lingering too long amid these tender recollections. Yet ere I part from them, I would fain renew the tribute of gratitude to all my revered instructors. Though most of them are resting in their graves, the benefits they have conferred are not limited by time, any more than the ethe-

real soul is bound to this speck and span of mortal existence.

The scenery of Norwich, my native place, was unique and romantic. Especially so, to me, was that of the upper, or old town, where I first saw the light, every spot of which is replete with unfading associations. There, rough gray rocks towered in patriarchal majesty, sparkling streamlets ran, like molten silver, between fringes of green, and the placid Yantic suddenly whitened into a foaming cataract. Grove and forest poured forth in superflux of melody, the sweet rent that their winged tenants paid; and sunny dells that tenderly nursed the flower-people, in their "coats of many colors," strove long to shelter them from frost, as the Jewish parents hid their endangered blossoms from a tyrant king. Early gardens yielded their riches to slight culture, and multitudes of fruit-trees made the turf a tessellated carpet, when the vernal breeze swept from the branches their fragrant petals. Plains overshadowed by elms of broad circumference, gave fair sites for tasteful man-

sions, while here and there, a cottage home perched like a bird's-nest among the cliffs.

And the people were worthy of their singularly beautiful locality : social, affectionate, of simple habits, not encumbering life with heartless ceremony, but impulsive to the claims of friendship, or the tides of sympathy. Diligence and moderate expenditure were then counted respectable, and age and constituted authority held in reverence.

There was among them, half a century since, an admitted aristocracy, whose influence of wealth and family was sanctioned by high morality, and regard for religion. But the predominant grade of society was a well-educated mediocrity, which, avoiding the cares of wealth, and the temptations of poverty, retained the luxury of benevolence, yet found that luxury so dependent on the industry that promotes health and the economy that is but another name for justice, as to draw from the very law of its own existence the preservation of its virtues. This was the fortunate position of my own blessed parents, amid the

idolatry of whose undivided love, youth flowed on, having "its content most absolute."

The desire of becoming a teacher, though long incorporated with my inmost thoughts, was still unrevealed in words. The absurdity of one who was scarcely more than a child in years or attainments, seeking to instruct others, seemed a ludicrous and blameable arrogance, which having no natural confidant of sister or brother, I hesitated to confess. But the wish, though unsustained by aid of counsel or sympathy, remained unimpaired: and when at length discovered by my parents, through the pages of a journal, they hastened to gratify it. One of their pleasantest apartments was immediately fitted up, with desks, benches, and hour-glass, etc., and there I, with two fair young pupils, from the most respectable and wealthy families in the vicinity, saw on a small scale the fulfilment of my anticipations. Six hours I daily spent with them, questioning, explaining, and enforcing, as though a large class were profiting by my labors. At the close of the term, an



examination was held of the studies pursued, on which the invited friends pronounced a verdict of entire satisfaction.

Those who should balance this initiatory season, with its gain of money, or fame, might style it unprofitably and vainly spent. Not so. It enabled me to learn something of the positive toils and patient details requisite in teaching, which sometimes check the enthusiasm with which it is at a distance contemplated by the castle-builder. My love not only stood the test, but struck a deeper root in the soil of reality. The time with my gentle companions had passed agreeably, and though the employment was temporarily intermitted, it remained as much as ever an object of preference.

I had a friend of my own age, lovely and beloved, a sketch of whose biography will be found at the 66th page of this volume. Our intimacy commenced during the last year of our continuance at school, and was destined to know no shadow, save that of the sundering grave. In the course of our communica-



tions, it was found that unexpected reverses and additional claims on the fortune of her family had induced in her a desire for usefulness, and a determination to become a teacher. Our plans were immediately blended, as our sympathies had been before; and as it was deemed expedient that we should devote more attention to certain accomplishments then counted essential in the polishing process of female education, we left home to practise drawing, painting in water-colors, and embroidery in silks, at the schools of a larger city. Six months under several teachers sufficed to accommodate ourselves, in these respects, to the taste of the times. At our return we were thronged with applications for instruction, and immediately commenced a school together, on the beautiful Plains, between the northern and southern sections of Norwich. There we became fellow-boarders in the pleasant mansion of the only sister of my friend, and second self.

Our first entrance upon the duties of our profession, amid an array of observant faces,

most of them entire strangers, was to young and sensitive spirits, somewhat appalling. Yet we endeavored to gird ourselves with a proper authority, and none knew our heart-flutterings, save ourselves.

To me, there had been so long an indwelling in the subject, that it seemed almost as a twice-told tale. But my sweet companion, nurtured amid the refinements and expectations of wealth, had more to overcome. A code of rules which I had meditated in my childhood, and whose nucleus had been of old, rehearsed to my dolls, with the self-satisfaction of Justinian, was remodelled and adapted to the occasion. They had been often mentally revised and collated, while unwritten, by a comparison with the discipline of schools where I was a pupil; and proving in a great measure appropriate to our needs, did us good service.

The system which we established was simple and delightful. As sisters, we entered our school every morning, and after the devotional exercises with which it statedly commenced and closed, one of us took the seat of

supreme arbiter, and the other, among the pupils, where seeming to mingle in their pursuits and sympathies, she secretly guided them by her example, to order, and obedience. The following day this arrangement was reversed, so that each was alternately principal and assistant, ruler and ruled.

Every evening we compared in confidential discourse the result of our investigations, taking counsel for the reform of such as needed it, and for the welfare of all. Perhaps the union of two minds was as entire as possible, and while a double force was thus concentrated for action, each in spreading a shield over the breast of her friend, seemed to guard more perfectly her own.

But our office was no sinecure. Our numerous scholars were of various ages and degree of improvement, some, indeed, older than ourselves, and others too young to derive the full benefit of our system. The range of studies was sufficiently extensive, and as we required accuracy, and encouraged inquiry, it was sometimes necessary to review with each

other the more difficult recitations, and always to have the knowledge that we possessed, prepared for ready utterance. The hour devoted to writing, was one of earnest manual labor, for engraved copy-slips were not common, and metallic pens unknown. As we attached high value to fair chirography, and wished our scholars to possess it, the business of setting copies, making and mending pens, and overlooking so many writers, among whom one of us was continually walking, involved no slight muscular fatigue. Indeed, I secretly doubted the superiority of our manipulations with the knife and goose-quill, inasmuch as the latter utensil was so frequently returned to our hands for further medication, and it was scarcely to be supposed that all our zealous scribes were unreasonably fastidious.

But the afternoons, being devoted to ornamental branches, were still more onerous. There was the supervision of fancy-work, the brilliant filagree from its first inception ; the countless shades of embroidery ; the move-

ments of pencil and paint-brush from the simplest flower to the landscape, the group and "the human face divine;" the nameless varieties of wrought muslin, which then entered extensively into the feminine wardrobe; and also the fitting of what was called plain-work, comprising the elaborate construction of fine linen shirts, with their appendant ruffles. We soon perceived that our policy was to appear ignorant of nothing, though young as we were, there were not a few things which we attempted to teach, in which we had little experience and less congeniality. Still a deep interest in the welfare of our scholars, which they repaid with affectionate attentions, and our own all-pervading, unswerving friendship, solaced every toil. In process of time, what was at first laborious, became easy, and what was irksome, pleasant.

The principal drawback to the happiness of our vocation, was the loneliness of our parents, who languished for our society. Sunday, with the close of Saturday, was the only period during the week that we could spend

with them ; and our home-partings, on Monday morning, especially if we left aught of indisposition there, cast a shadow over our spirits. To obviate, as far as possible, the inconvenience to those whom we felt it our duty, above all created beings, to comfort, and assist, we decided, during the second year of our teaching, that each should take the sole charge for a week, and spend the alternate one under the parental roof.

My friend was to continue as formerly, a boarder, during her week of regency, but I determined to pass my nights at home, the health of my mother not being perfect. Omnibuses, and the accommodations of the livery-stable, being then unknown in that region, the only alternative if the plan were pursued, would be a daily walk of somewhat more than four miles. It was censured by many as imprudent, inasmuch as the new school-house which we had taken was at a considerably greater distance from home than our former locality. It was in the southern division of Chlesea, where, seated on a commanding de-

clivity, its windows boldly overlooked the windings of the beautiful Thames. Upheld by strong filial motives, I persisted in what was called my Quixotic enterprise, and think I was never, at any period of my life, more perfectly happy.

A morning walk of two miles, imparted such vigor, that the cares of a large school were unfelt. At noon, my dinner, consisting of two or three biscuits which I had brought from home, was made when the weather was fine beneath some spreading trees, in the grounds, at the rear of the building; and at night, the thought of waiting, welcoming parents seemed to bear me over the intervening distance as on the pinions of a bird. In severe storms, I was indebted to friends for some other mode of conveyance, but at other times found that amount of exercise but a new source of pleasure, which, combining with an occupation that I loved, gave elasticity to the spirits, and energy to the constitution.

Still, such an effort could not be continued during the inclement seasons. My friend also



was not well satisfied with our divorced state, and divided toil. Less deeply imbued by nature with the love of teaching, than the silent pleasures of intellectual pursuit, she felt peculiarly the need of that daily, strengthening, confidential intercourse in which we both delighted as the solace of our labors. Therefore, on the approach of winter, we were induced to discontinue our school at Chelsea, in conformity to the wishes of our parents, who considered its pecuniary gains no equivalent for their sacrifice of our society and aid, and the absence of the "one, young face, and the daughter's voice," from their lone fireside.

Still, we left not our occupation without regret. It had awakened a sincere attachment, and we considered ourselves fortunate to have so frequently found that attachment reciprocal. It would seem also to have been long held in favoring remembrance, as forty years after the commencement of that school it is thus mentioned by one of its members, the accomplished authoress of the *Histories of Norwich*, and of *New-London* :—



“A class of young ladies, in their native city, gathered joyfully around Miss Huntley and Miss Hyde, and into this circle they cast not only the affluence of their well-stored minds, and the cheering inspiration of youthful zeal, but all the strength of the best and holiest principles. Animated, blooming, happy, linked affectionately arm in arm, they daily came in among their pupils, diffusing cheerfulness and love, as well as knowledge, and commanding the most grateful attention and respect. Interesting teachers! happy pupils! Pleasant is it to the writer to review those dove-like days, to recall the lineaments of that diligent, earnest, mind-expanding group, and again to note the oneness of sentiment, opinion and affection, between those whom we delighted to call our sweet sister-teachers, the inseparables, the inimitables. Who would not wish to have been a teacher of the young. With how many hearts and histories does it connect one's own existence.”

Cherished by my beloved coadjutor, and myself, were the memories of that school,

mingled as they were with the romantic scenery of our beautiful native place. Among those who composed it, were many possessed of superior talents, and great loveliness of character. To one of this number, smitten in the bloom of youth, the following simple and just tribute of affection was paid,—

With spirits radiant as the summer-sky  
To glow like sunbeam on the dazzled eye,  
In childhood's dawn, with tenderness to rear  
The deep affections ardent and sincere,  
To taste the joys of youth's unclouded ray,  
Early to bloom, and early fleet away,—  
This was thy lot, dear child, for still a name  
So fond, so sweet, my spirit fain would claim,  
As pensive, with a mourner's hand I lay  
This cypress garland on thy turf-wrapp'd clay,  
Happy, at last, to gain yon blissful height,  
And be thy sister, in a realm of light.

The leisure acquired by retirement from an absorbing vocation was divided among various pursuits. In the knowledge of household employments, for which I had great respect, and where the occasionally delicate health of my mother required active assistance, I desired to

become an adept, and therefore cultivated that interested and habitual practice without which it is so difficult to excel.

The state of society in my native place was eminently marked by intelligence, affability, and warmth of heart, and its claims, so alluring to youth, I met with great satisfaction. While I entered with zeal and delight into those social pleasures, to which youthful spirits give zest, portions of each day were systematically secured for writing, reading, and a review of studies, particularly of philosophy, and ancient and modern history. I paid also some attention to various languages, and began to dig a few Hebrew roots, with no guide but Parkhurst.

Still, habits of teaching seemed essential to mental health ; and as a sort of substitute for the employment so recently laid aside, I procured a large room at a neighboring house, and every Saturday, gave gratuitous instruction to all who were disposed to attend. My principal object was the religious culture of poor children, the institution of Sunday-schools

not having then commenced in our land. When it was discovered that books were distributed, and also other articles to the necessitous, my apartment was thronged ; and as the happiness of a teacher does not depend wholly upon the high erudition of his pupils, I found much gratification in this humble sphere of action.

One of my favorite classes was of sable hue. I was quite interested in my dark-browed people, who were very grateful for common attentions, and as most of them were young, and intellectually untrained, I felt no little pride in their progress. But sometimes this exultation was destined to a downfall. One day, for instance, when recapitulating explanations of the sermon on the Mount, which had been oft-times repeated, and were, I had flattered myself, admirable for simplicity, I asked what they understood by the " alms" which our Saviour commanded should not be done to be seen of men. Whereat they promptly and joyously replied, " Guns, pistols, clubs, and such like." I humbled my-

self for the ignorance of my disciples, as an instructor ought.

Amid these agreeable pursuits and home-satisfactions, a year and a half, glided away. Poetry was becoming a predominant pleasure ; yet mingling with its bright illusions came sometimes the floating vision of a model-school, where full space should be allowed to carry out my cherished system, and to implant lasting affections. And that vision drew near, and when I least expected it, took the form of reality.

Being invited by the Wadsworth family, relatives of my earliest friend and benefactress, Madame Lathrop, to visit them in Hartford, while enjoying their elegant hospitality, and prosecuting, through their kindness, my French studies, under a distinguished native teacher, I received a proposal again to engage in the work of education. Nothing could have been more congenial to my wishes. The only obstacle to be surmounted was the reluctance of my parents to consent to a protracted absence. But a new and powerful

motive had arisen in my mind, that of enlarging their limited income by my own exertions, and relieving their minds from all pecuniary anxiety. Though their mode of life was in their apprehension entirely consistent with comfort, I desired that they might feel free to indulge in a larger expenditure, and that the change should come only from a daughter's hand. To be thus accepted as the sole instrument of cheering their advancing years, became an overruling, passionate desire. Here was a providential opening for the accomplishment of such a desire. I urged my suit in letters, and prevailed.

Deeds of disinterested kindness were among the records of the daily life of Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., through whose advice and influence I was induced to commence my school in Hartford. Never can I recall or mention without intense gratitude, the efforts made by him, and his excellent lady, the possessor of an angelic spirit, and a pattern of all loveliness, to encourage and sustain me in my new station; while in the mansion of their ven-

erable mother, who was distinguished by decided intellectual tastes, and knowledge of human nature, it was my privilege to find a home.

That a man of great wealth, a munificent patron of the fine arts, and literature, whose merits he well understood,—engaged in beautifying his extensive domain of Monte-Video, which was thrown open as a pleasure-ground to all the people,—the founder of our Athenæum with its noble library, historical archives, and gallery of paintings, and sculpture, bearing his name to future generations,—should assume the humble, yet arduous labor of gathering a school, and the minute details requisite to its accommodation, might seem surprising to those not familiar with the daily history of his life of philanthropy.

In his choice of pupils, he kept constantly in view similarity of attainments and station, so that all might be enabled in the prescribed studies, to go on as one class, and being the children of parents who visited in the same circle, might be supposed to have feelings and



habits more in unison. This principle of selection diminished not only the difficulty of organization and the amount of daily labor on the part of the instructor, but from the instructed, removed those causes of disparity, which sometimes create suspicion, and check the growth of friendship.

Fifteen scholars were my limited number for the first year, which afterwards, when the system became tested and established, was extended to twenty-five, without increase of toil. A beautiful apartment was provided for us, which we aimed to keep with parlor-neatness, tolerating no drops of ink, or litter of papers, or disarrangement of articles from their allotted places. In the various studies, application and accuracy were required of all. Our rules, which savored somewhat of the ancient regime, keeping in view the principle that strictness prevents severity, were received in the spirit of unity and love. Each one seemed to realize that order and industry were essential to the ends for which as a body politic we held existence, and that in



maintaining discipline, they preserved both its health and its life. The honor of the school was counted their own, and the time spent there, was but another name for happiness. How often, when the duties of the day were closed, and the period of dismissal had arrived, if our course of study had been peculiarly interesting, or peculiarly difficult, would they gather closely around me, for conversation or explanation, while the gentle entreaty, "stay a little longer," was so imperative, that the dark, wintry twilight shut over us, ere we were aware. Oh! sweet spirits, and pure, and touched with the love of all goodness, it was blessed to dwell among them, and the five years thus spent, is a sunny spot amid life's changeful pilgrimage.

It was the wish of the patrons of the school that the ornamental branches should be omitted, and the time of their children devoted to a thorough and somewhat extensive course of study. The patience, and perseverance to which they were easily led, soon secured respectable, and sometimes rapid progress. Es-

pecially was it interesting to unfold with them the wide annal of history. Even now, I seem to hear their softly modulated voices applauding deeds of nobleness and generosity, or expressing surprise that the great were so seldom good, or amazement at the artifice, the revenge, the cruelty, that sometimes stained those whom fame pronounced illustrious.

In our division of the year, short terms and short vacations were deemed best by the parents for the health of the children, and their eventual improvement. Each of these terminating periods was marked by the distribution of premiums for distinguished scholarship, and meritorious deportment. The infusion of this hope, and the consciousness of the pleasure that a meed thus earned would impart to those most dear, gave daily strength to their young hearts to overcome indolence and error, and advance in the path of excellence. The course by which the promised rewards were to be attained was so clearly defined, as to leave no room for imputation of partiality on the teacher; and so fixed was

their habit of rejoicing in the happiness of their companions, that the jealousies and strifes which are said to accompany emulation, found no entrance to their charmed circle.

Sometimes, when the claims of candidates were so nearly equal, that scarce a shade of difference remained, this amiable principle was brought forth in beautiful prominence.

One instance I recollect, where, in efforts for a particular premium, two had through nearly the whole term, advanced side by side. Just at its close, there was a slight but clear indication of precedence, and in conformity to this, at the appointed time, the honor was awarded. When the class came forward, as was their custom, to congratulate her who had earned the distinction, she who had failed but a single step or two, in climbing the same arduous height, came also among them. Possibly, a tear might for a moment moisten her eye, but hastening to embrace her fortunate companion, she said gracefully, in reference to a period of Grecian history, recently reviewed,—“Pedaratus, when he missed of a

place among the chosen three hundred, rejoiced that there *were three hundred* in Sparta better than himself."

The tact and fidelity with which they applied to their own concerns and practice, the maxims derived from history, or the precepts treasured from the Scriptures, were admirable. But their energy in combining works of benevolence with the pursuits of learning, was still more remarkable. Charitable impulses were first called into action, by a desire to supply deficiencies in the winter apparel of a class of poor children, to whom on Saturday afternoon, I gave religious instruction. Having thus tasted the pleasure of relieving and making others happy, the blessed principle sought expansion as naturally as the flame ascends. They formed themselves into a society, each member of which had liberty to propose any object which came within their proper sphere of action; and the almoners, who were chosen every month, heeded neither fatigue, nor cold, in the discharge of their allotted duty.

I had not supposed the mind in its early stages, (for the average ages of the pupils of the first year, ranged from nine to thirteen,) was so capable of the systematic arrangement, or the judicious economy of charity. In the construction of necessary garments to resist the inclement seasons, as well as in the alteration of such of their own as they were permitted to bestow, they were wonderfully industrious and skilful. Cloaks, mantles, hoods, &c., proceeded from their flying fingers, as the needs of their little pensioners demanded. Nor were the sick, or the aged forgotten, in their mission of mercy, which, not being imposed as a duty, but discovered to be a source of high happiness, was voluntarily pursued with unintermitted zeal.

“ Ah ! then what generous transport fill’d their breast,  
This truth first learned,—to bless, is to be blest.”

Still ascending in their scale of goodness, they adopted the sentiment that true charity should involve some sacrifice, and therefore decided to make the small contribution, which

they had established on the first day of every month, the fruit of their own self-denial. They said,—“What charity is it in us, to give away the money of others? We will earn it ourselves.” But how was this to be done? How could such young creatures in their station of society, render their industry available? How could they even obtain time for it, since their lessons were required to be studied at home, and the use of the needle, that natural utensil of female gain, did not enter among their authorized employments at school?

But not deterred by difficulties, they devised feasible plans without infringing on their course of study. After consultation with their mothers and friends, they were to assume some new charge in the domestic department, or execute some piece of work, to which a stipend should be annexed; and if necessary, they were to rise an hour earlier in the morning to fulfil this engagement. At the first contribution after this arrangement took effect, observing their countenances to

be highly animated with pleasure, I said,—  
“ You have not cast into your Saviour’s treasury that which cost you nothing.” Their sweet reply was in the words of the Psalmist,  
“ Of thine own, Lord, have we given Thee;” so meekly did they acknowledge their responsibility in all things to an Almighty Benefactor.

It was their endeavor to preserve as far as possible, the secrecy of charity. One of the written articles of their constitution is thus expressed:—“ It is our design to impart our bounty without ostentation, following the example of Him who ‘ went about, doing good,’ and not seeking the applause of men.” I have reason to believe that they were strictly governed by this principle. Instances were sometimes related, where to the dark abodes of the sorrowing poor, little feet were heard entering, the light of fair faces for a moment beamed, relief suited to need was left, and then the mystic visitants,

“ Folding their tents like the Arabs,  
Would silently steal away.”



They were not weary in well-doing. They did not begin zealously, and remit their efforts when a little had been accomplished. During a period of somewhat less than two years and a half, I perceived by the records of their Secretary, that they had completed for the poor, 160 garments of different descriptions, some of which were altered or repaired from their own, with no little patience and judgment. This amount included 35 pair of warm stockings, fabricated without expense of time, during their school-readings of History. Several afternoons in the week were thus devoted, each being accustomed to read an allotted portion, as an exercise both in elocution and of memory. When this was finished, and the book closed, each pupil gave in her own language, a synopsis of what she had herself read, and all were subjected to a series of critical questions on the substance of the whole, as preparatory to the review and written analysis of all the studies of the week, which was made at its close. They were desirous of being allowed the use of the knitting-needles,



during these readings, and were anxious to give proof that their attention to study was not hindered by this quiet occupation, which had affinity with their purposes of benevolence.

The only recess from study, during the term, was the afternoon of Saturday. This single precious period, especially in winter, when the needs of their pensioners were the greatest, they often requested permission to devote to the objects of their society. When on such occasions, I have sometimes entered the school-room, and found them there, busily devising how some garment might be best accommodated to its object, or some small amount rendered subservient to the greatest good, their eyes sparkling with the heart's best gladness, and their sweet-toned voices uttering its melody, I could not but hope that some pure, prompting seraph hovered near, and the secret orison fervently arose that the spirit of grace and consolation might ever rest upon them. And as education should not only impart useful knowledge, but gird us with

armor for the highest and holiest purposes of existence, I could not but trust that the habits they were then forming, their sense of the value of time, their energy to overcome obstacles in the path of duty, their sisterly friendship, their disinterested benevolence, might continue with them unto the end.

It may possibly be imagined that this zeal of charitable effort, which I have still not fully described, must have interfered with the legitimate purpose and business of the school. It was not so. No portion of their duty as scholars was neglected, or remitted. Benevolence was pursued as a source of enjoyment. It found their minds as yet unoccupied with the exciting pleasures of a more advanced period of youth, and entering, formed a holy alliance with the knowledge that was taking root there. Each gave to the other new strength. They were easily convinced, of what it sometimes takes a life-time to discover, that some sciences may be more attractive to ambition, more omnipotent over wealth, more in league with popular favor, but none is so essential

to true happiness as the consciousness of doing good.

I was happy to perceive in them not only the disposition to impart their gratifications, but to make their attainments in knowledge, subservient to utility. It was therefore no surprise to hear, in future years, that, as opportunity afforded, they were prompt to teach others, either in the Sunday-school, the household, or the licensed places of public instruction.

One, amid the toils of a missionary beneath the sultry skies of Asia, while much engaged in the acquisition, and translation of varying languages, was assiduous in her labors as a teacher. Scarcely had she set her stranger-foot in Burmah, and ere her own permanent location was determined, she commenced a school for boys belonging to the English regiment. "My present number," she writes exultingly, "is eighteen, and I have a new scholar almost every week."

In her station at Rangoon, she established and personally taught two schools of native children. Her separation from them when

her husband and herself were designated for another part of the missionary field, she thus feelingly depicts,—

“Our things had been all sent on board the vessel, before dinner, and when the house was clear, and the bustle over, the boys and girls all came into the room where I was, seated themselves on the mat, in a semicircle around me, and covering their faces with their hands, and bowing them to the ground, spoke their farewell words. It was too much. I burst into tears with them. They followed me to the wharf, where I left them weeping, and entering the boat, bade Rangoon adieu.”

After their transfer to Siam, she made such rapid progress in that new dialect, as almost immediately to begin an adult school, for her own sex, beside assuming the burden of opening in her house, a boarding-school for boys.

“I study Siamese daily with my teacher,” she writes, “and attend to my pupils at home. Also, I visit two or three times a week a day-school, which I have established at some distance from our dwelling.” Amid the con-

struction of lexicons, and the cares of a mother, she found time to teach with tender patience, the ignorant little ones of pagan Asia.

Another of our band of scholars has, in the beautiful region of our own broad, green West, faithfully superintended the education of young ladies in her own house, with incalculable benefit to them, and to society. Twenty-five is her stated number, and the motives that prompted, and still sustain the laudable enterprise, are unfolded in familiar correspondence ; some passages of which I am thus permitted to quote.

“ Since my marriage transferred me to this western world, no one without the circle of the paternal hearth, has had their name so frequently upon my lips, or their image so fondly cherished in my heart, as yourself, my loved instructress, and friend. Peculiar circumstances have conspired to render this constant remembrance very precious, and many, many times have I longed to give expression to these feelings with my pen, and to ask

your sympathy, your counsel, and your prayers. A fear of adding to the multitude of your employments the task of a single line, has hitherto deterred me. But this once, I must claim the gratification of telling how my days are passed, to her who most formed me for their duties, (if there is, indeed, any fitness in me,) and ere those days close forever, once more thank her for the direction she gave my youthful mind.

“Teaching was to me an employment entirely new, when I first came to Kentucky, as the wife of one who is truly a missionary bishop, and who with the greatest labor, self-denial, and privation, could hope only to sow the seed with tears, which future laborers, may we hope, reap in joy. The provision that our beloved Church in this region was enabled to make for him is so scanty, that when his duties as a bishop interfering with those of a parish-minister, induced him to resign the latter, it was literally the renunciation of his whole income.

“My mind at once was busy to devise how

I might enable him to be a self-supported missionary. The schools around me were inferior to the standard that existed in my own memory. Something seemed to whisper that the duty of instruction devolved on me. Then it was, that your image recurred so vividly, your happy countenance as you dispensed to us those instructions which were to be the guide of our future lives, the feelings of love and reverence with which we regarded you, all conspired to encourage me to make the effort to gather in the bosom of my own family, the same number that composed your dear circle, and to mould, in all respects, my school upon the sweet remembrance of your own.

“Immediately after my marriage, I had commenced the instruction of the three little daughters of my husband, and of a motherless grandchild of the Hon. Henry Clay, who became a member of our household. As I contemplated new cares, by the increase of my pupils, I strengthened myself by recalling your example. Again I saw you, the centre of a loving circle, dispensing knowledge and



happiness, the prop around which our wreath of affection entwined. Now, I have your number, and observe your regulations. Your volumes are my premiums, your sentiments are frequent in our poetical recitations, your name is among us as a household word. When they wish to speak of me in the terms that will be most gratifying, they say, 'Our teacher was a pupil of Mrs. Sigourney, and our school is modelled after hers.' We have our texts of Scripture, at the dismissal of school, our little charitable society, my weekly readings and instructions are after your pattern, and our coronation of the most amiable one, in a beautiful grove, is on the first of August, your own anniversary. I think I may say that what was begun as a duty, has become one of my highest pleasures."

The sphere of instructress has been laboriously and successfully filled by the writer of the above for more than thirteen years, without detriment to the discharge of maternal duties or the claims of society. During this period, nearly three hundred have shared the



privilege of her guidance and example; and having been herself a model-pupil, she is also without doubt a model-teacher. The festival of the 1st of August to, which she alludes, as the prototype of her own, was originally established by my pupils, in the summer of 1815, the first anniversary of the commencement of our school. They had earnestly requested my permission to commemorate an event which was to them so dear. After obtaining consent for the holiday, they proposed several plans which, to their joyous spirits, seemed to combine fitness with pleasure. Among them, was a drive to Monte-Video, the romantic country-seat of their friend, Mr. Wadsworth, at a distance of nine miles from the city.

At length they decided on one of more simplicity, and less expense, a rural festival in a neighboring grove, upon the banks of a fair stream. Thither, they repaired early after dinner, their Committee having previously made all necessary arrangements. Parents, and particular friends, had been invited to

join them at an appointed hour to witness and partake their happiness. In a recess overshadowed by trees, stood the baskets of refreshments, whose varied contents were in due time to be tastefully spread upon a long table, glittering with its snow-white cloth, through the green branches.

But the most interesting feature of the scene, to many young hearts, was the placing with appropriate ceremonies, a crown of woven flowers on the head of her, who throughout the whole year, had excelled in all amiable virtues. Her election had been by the vote of her companions, subject of course to my approval and confirmation. There were poetical addresses to the Queen, and her courtly answers, and song, and sweet discourse, and the reception of group after group, as they arrived on the grounds, and entertainment at the rich board, where every guest was duly pressed by the ardent and untiring hostesses. Then came affectionate leave-takings, as the sun grew low, and good wishes, and thanks of the invited friends, and the plentiful gather-

ing of fragments for the invalid, each one knowing where this orange or that confection could be best bestowed ; for to them was no perfect happiness, without a sprinkling of benevolence.

These simple and delightful festivities were observed without interruption, on every first of August during the continuance of the school. That after its final dissolution, a desire should still exist to keep this anniversary, was to me a cheering suffrage of their constancy and affection. So on the same spot, consecrated by sweet and sacred memories, we continued to gather year after year.

There was indeed no more crowning with flowers. But from the past, every hand culled some thornless rose, or changeless evergreen. Now cares had brought gravity and a deeper expression to some young brows, but they were those blessed cares of the housekeeper or the mother, that give the crown to woman's happiness.

Ere long, there were carpets spread upon the fresh, green turf, where the little ones

sate or gambolled, with glad, wondering eyes. Anon, some joyous prattler would be led to a fair retreat, and told that there its mother received a beautiful crown, for being the best among good children. There was, also, the assembling of parents and invited guests, and the festal board, as of old, and sometimes the members of our noble Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in the vicinity, came out in procession, to share our welcome and partake our cheer.

There, too, the yearly report of their charitable society was presented, and its officers chosen ; for this association was cherished as one of the sources whence our friendship derived permanence. Its present members no longer restricted themselves to the simpler forms of their childhood's bounty, but reserved the privilege of annual selection from among the numerous objects of Christian benevolence, such as they deemed most feasible and appropriate. Sometimes they aided the Institution for orphan children, within their own gates, then provided an infant-school ap-

paratus for their former companion in heathen Burmah, then gladdened with a well-chosen library the mission establishment among our own aborigines, and the colony of Liberia in Africa.

Books to enlighten ignorance, they were inclined to consider as the most valuable gifts in their power to bestow. Garments may furnish food for the moth, money be expended not according to the wishes of the giver, but volumes of useful knowledge and pious instruction share the imperishable nature of the riches they impart. Silently they will continue to breathe a blessing, when both they who gave, and they who penned their pages, shall be sleeping where is "neither device nor wisdom." Voiceless messengers of truth and peace will they be through future generations, continuing to "drop as the rain, and distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb and as the showers upon the grass."

Their fifteenth anniversary found them responding to a touching appeal of the widows and orphans of Athens, then suffering from

Turkish thralldom. In their letter, enclosing fifty dollars, they say,—

“Would that greater liberality were at present in our power, but the original number of our society has been diminished by dispersion and death. We were formerly members of one happy school, where with our early studies was interwoven the history of your clime. To Greece, especially to Athens, our young hearts went forth in willing pilgrimage. The policy of Solon, the valor of Miltiades, the fame of Pericles, enraptured our imaginations, and we sate, delighted listeners, at the feet of Socrates and of Plato.

“Now, the period of our school education is completed, and some of us have entered upon the highest duties of woman’s lot. Yet the time there spent together, is precious in our memory. We keep the day of its commencement as a yearly festival. Even now, while we celebrate its fifteenth anniversary, in our beautiful sacred grove, your sighs seem to reach us from the sad caverns of Egina.

“We offer you our gift in the name of a

common Redeemer. Stretching out our hands to you across the globe, we pray you to be of good courage."

By degrees our band became widely separated. Their homes were found in seven different States, from New Hampshire to Georgia. Still, the remnant felt the force of early attraction, and though our assemblages on the first of August were not observed with the same strict punctuality, they retained their features of true and tender interest.

There were letters from absent ones to be read, for a chain of correspondence bound the outposts to the centre. And there were others of whom we conversed, who had been called to the Home of our Father, to be sundered no more. Their lineaments of loveliness had been made more sacred by the seal of the tomb. It was cheering to us thus to meet, though, doubtless, in many a heart was the unspoken, tremulous melody of that sweetest poet,—

"Ye are chang'd, ye are chang'd, since I met you last,  
There has something bright from your features pass'd.



There is that come over your brow and eye  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die."

But the buoyancy of heart and hope, which at first gave life to our festival, though it might have changed its form, had not departed. It dwelt with the second generation, who accompanied us. Ever and anon, there appeared new little faces to be welcomed, and to replenish our diminishing ranks. Already, the children were seen advancing above the shoulders of their mothers.

Our 26th anniversary found me a voyager upon the tossing ocean. There was, of course, no celebration in the grove, but most touching in a foreign clime were letters from a few of those faithful friends who had on that day walked to those consecrated shades, and breathed their silent prayer for her protection who was pensively drifting over the mighty deep.

Ay, keep your festival of love,  
'Neath summer skies of sparkling blue,  
For ne'er conven'd in Attic grove  
A group so lovely and so true.



Bright streams flow by, green branches wave,  
And lavish nature swells your bliss,  
Even Wisdom owns 'tis well to grave  
On life's frail chart, a trace like this.

But not, as erst, I haste to join  
With glad embrace your cherish'd train ;  
Nor fondly press your lips to mine,  
Far wanderer o'er the trackless main.  
Yet still to yours my spirit flies,  
O'er mountain billows, wild and drear,  
Still to your greeting tone replies,  
And pours its precepts on your ear.

Unmark'd may dazzling beauty fade,  
So rudely years their changes wreak,  
Hope vanish like the evening shade,  
And pleasure as the rose-bud's streak,  
Wealth on swift pinion fleet away,  
Ambition miss its lofty goal,  
But life's last throb shall bless the day  
When knowledge enter'd to the soul.

To you it came, with fruits of peace,  
With genial friendship's sacred power,  
And charity, that fain would ease,  
Of want, and woe, each suffering hour.  
'Twas good to journey by your side,  
O'er classic fields, with studious care :  
How sweet your plastic minds to guide,  
How blest your hallow'd joys to share.

Ask ye for some who are not here ?  
They of glad smile and radiant eye,  
And voices like the song-bird clear ?  
You call,—they render no reply.  
With myrtle fresh, and stainless rose,  
Be their turf-pillow duly drest,  
And treasure tender thoughts of those  
Who there in holy slumber rest.

And when again this cherish'd day  
Entwines its wreath round memory's fane,  
Should she, who wakes this simple lay,  
Be mouldering 'mid that silent train,  
Ah ! still as in your earlier prime  
To this lov'd stream and grove repair,  
Even though the sprinkled snows of time  
Should cling amid those tresses fair.

Lead hither, too, your infants' feet,  
And teach them with their sports to blend  
Those sacred lessons high and sweet  
That make the Sire of heaven their Friend.  
So for an unborn race, your zeal  
Shall guard this consecrated ground,  
And for their bosoms' casket seal  
Such gems as here their mothers found.

## My Dead.

I SHALL surely be forgiven, for adding a few tributes to the memory of those early departed, with whom it was my privilege to be so long connected in the pursuit of knowledge and the intercourse of affection. And as I thus convoke their images, the traces of their youthful beauty, their desire of excellence, their friendship for each other, their constant tenderness to me, gather freshly around my heart, and make me, after the lapse of so many years, again a mourner.

Miss Julia Norton, a native of Farmington, Connecticut, was the first rose-bud smitten from our wreath of love. She was, at her entrance to our school, somewhat older than any of its inmates, and her education, which had been conducted without regard to ex-

pense, was pronounced complete. Adorned by those accomplishments that attract admiration, her discriminating mind cherished fondness for solid studies, and a wish still longer to pursue them. Her gentle, graceful manners awakened in her companions an interest which her affectionate nature soon converted into warm attachment. She wished to derive no higher distinction from her ample fortune, than the pleasure of doing good, while with true humility she labored as far as possible to veil her liberality from every eye. Once, in a conversation respecting the proportion which benefactions should bear to income, when I suggested the ancient rule of a tenth, she earnestly replied, "Oh! I should never be content with that scanty Jewish measure. Surely a fourth part is but little to Him who gave us all."

Bereavements following each other in rapid succession had early made her an orphan, and deprived her of an only brother and elder sister, to whom she turned for protection and consolation. This accumulation of sorrow,

pressing upon a delicate temperament, had marked her countenance with that pensive expression which rendered applicable a descriptive line from her favorite moral poet :—

“Soft, melancholy, modest, female, fair.”

She was remarkable while a member of this school, for adhering to a systematic arrangement of time, for her preference of books conveying instruction, to those which merely impart entertainment, for writing in concise and elegant language the substance of what she read, and for her attachment to the study of the Scriptures. She was in the habit of indulging an impression that her life would be short. This idea was probably strengthened by a knowledge of the frailty of her constitution, and by that deep feeling of loneliness which continually reminded her, that she was almost the sole mourner of her whole house. I strove to obviate it, lest it should create indifference to that world, where she might be called to discharge many important duties, but it was too deeply seated to be dislodged by my

efforts. It seemed to give vigor to her industry by the perpetual monition that the "time was short;" and I confess that when I have regarded her lovely, her benevolent, her disinterested character, I was almost a convert to her doctrine, from the conviction that she was rapidly fitting for a purer sphere, and more exalted society. When she parted from us, it was with the intention of passing a winter with her only remaining sister, in a distant State, and of returning with the vernal season, to pursue our delightful course of study. But her anticipated journey was prosecuted no further than the city of New York. There she became a victim of pulmonary consumption. Its progress was rapid, yet she was found neither fearful, nor unprepared. The best-directed remedies proved ineffectual, and she calmly resigned the prospect of recovery. Still, she expressed a wish, if possible, to breathe her last sigh amid the scenes of her infancy, that the young partakers in her sports and pleasures, might be moved by her departure, to seek the refuge that she had found.

She had previously arranged with a clear mind all her earthly concerns, designated gifts for particular friends, devised her fortune judiciously, not omitting large donations for charitable purposes, especially to missionary and Bible societies, wishing to impart to others the knowledge of that Gospel which was a light to her feet amid the dark mountains of death.

By the consent of her physicians, the homeward journey was undertaken, with every precaution for the comfort of the invalid that skill or affection could suggest. She summoned all her remaining strength to sustain the exertion. During the first day, she looked often from her carriage, and admired the groups of children that passed on their way, to or from school, or glided over the surface of some frozen stream, while the keen air deepened the color in their cheeks. But the third day she drooped. The fatal shaft had pierced her. To those who surrounded her couch she said,—“ This is death. I fear him not.” And so, she gently yielded her breath to Him who

gave it, in the bloom of seventeen, at Stamford, thirty-six miles from New York.

In her pleasant home, fond hearts were awaiting her arrival. Her peculiar apartment had been prepared, with every appendage that could promote her comfort or please her taste. There were her chosen books elegantly arranged, the transparent curtains festooned with her favorite flowers, and in its own proper nook, the guitar, from which her fairy hand drew exquisite music.

By the bright hearth sate a loving group, speaking of her. The blasts of winter blew wildly without, but they scarcely heeded them, for from her arm-chair the aged grandmother was perpetually speaking of her darling so beautiful, so loving, whom she trusted soon to embrace.

Suddenly, a loud knocking at the gate, in the dark, cold evening. A messenger, the voice of a stranger:—"The dead is coming! The dead is near!"

The lifeless remains of our cherished one were beautiful. Transient disease had but



slightly emaciated her fair flesh, and delicately rounded form. On her polished brow was a speaking smile. Methought it said,—“Weep not. I am at rest in the home of my Father.” Pure spirit! thou wert permitted early to finish thy work below, and to ascend where thou mightest serve Him without hindrance or sorrow.

Never can I forget a being so deservedly dear, and whose attachment for me mingled the elements of a daughter's love, with a sister's sympathy. Unspeakably precious to me are the evidences of her piety. Her spiritual guide, the Rev. Dr. Porter, who had intimately known the progress of her religious character, commended it as an example to the young, in his feeling and forcible address at her funeral obsequies.

“Ever since her attendance on a beloved sister,” he said, “in a journey where her life terminated, and her own return in loneliness of heart to her native scenes, her mind has been most tenderly susceptible of the truths of religion, and of the refuge they afford for

the sorrows of life. Gradually she was led from strength to strength, till her highest enjoyments seemed to consist in the study of the Sacred Volume, attendance on the worship of God, and secret communion with Him.

“‘I have read many books,’ said she, ‘books of amusement, books of science and morality, but one chapter in the Bible is now worth more than all. Yes, my Bible is the best of all.’

“She had been naturally diffident, and retiring, but became now imbued with a deep humility. A meek and lowly spirit was hers, and emphatically she thought not of herself more highly than she ought to think. Though proverbially amiable, she acknowledged an innate propensity to evil, and lamented the deceitfulness of the heart. In contemplating the snares that might await her in future life, she found comfort in the hope of divine aid, and the promises of her Redeemer.

“Her prevailing wish was to be made useful in the path of duty; and with her, the means of doing good, and the corresponding disposi-

tion were happily united. Tenderness of conscience, and submission of spirit were conspicuous in her. She was content to be in sickness, or in health, in life or in death. In a decline of almost unexampled rapidity, Christian composure and confidence did not desert her. She expressed a sense of the great goodness of the Almighty in granting her such advantages for religious instruction, that she might gain armor against the day of need, and be enabled to contemplate death without dismay.

“The immortal welfare of her young companions was dear to her heart. When told that some of them were inquiring the way to Zion, tears of joy suffused her expressive eyes. Now, she is brought back to them and to her childhood’s home breathless and inanimate. But the spirit has arisen to that Saviour, whom not having seen she loved, in whom, having believed, she rejoices with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.”

The first death, and indeed, the only one

that occurred during the continuance of our school, was a source of no common grief.

Why roams fond memory thus with pensive trace  
Mid blighted blossoms, and a broken vase ?  
Why does vain hope on trembling wing pursue  
An image, transient as the morning dew ?  
—Ah, fruitless search !—Yet still the heart inquires  
As feeling dictates, or regret inspires,  
Will that lov'd voice in tuneful cadence pour  
Its sweet recital on my ear no more ?  
No more with mine that earnest eye engage  
To scan the riches of the historic page ?  
Nor nightly moon, nor star with vestal rays,  
Lure to their pathway our united gaze ?  
Nor sabbath-bell allure our steps to join  
The soul's deep worship at Jehovah's shrine ?

Hear I an answering voice within my breast ?  
Thou hast beheld her in unbroken rest,  
And mov'd with grief that language might not speak,  
Press'd the last kiss upon her faded cheek,  
Welcom'd the tide of hallow'd words that stole  
Like healing balm upon the wounded soul,  
And join'd the funeral train that mourn'd to tread  
The lone turf-altar of the beauteous dead.  
Yet still shall many an hour of musing thought  
Restore her as she was, with goodness fraught,  
Calm, unaffected, joyful to bestow  
The gift of friendship, or the alms for woe,

Content to suffer pain without a sigh,  
Yet prone to veil it from affection's eye;  
Tho' while her smile the social band illumin'd,  
While health's fair tinge upon her features bloom'd,  
Even then, her gentle step pursued alone  
Its willing journey to a land unknown.

—But now, no more my lips presume to claim  
Accustom'd title, or companion's name,  
For, rapt in dreams, methinks, I see thee stand  
A welcom'd sister, 'mid that white-rob'd band  
Who breathe a secret strength, when foes invade,  
And with soft hand our faltering footsteps aid.

High praise to Him who kept thee free from stain,  
Enrich'd by losses, purified by pain,  
And watchful lest thine unsuspecting hand  
Might strew its pearls upon this sterile strand,  
Exhal'd thee gently, like the breath of even,  
Fresh and unsullied to thy native heaven.

FIVE years had the turf gathered greenness over the grave of our earliest smitten, ere we were again called to mourn. Miss SARAH RUSS, whose fair countenance while she was with us beamed ever with health and that mental tranquillity which would seem to betoken longevity, was the next to follow to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." Our loving band of scholars had been separated ere this event, yet the remembrance of her virtues remained vivid in their hearts. To an uncommonly amiable disposition, she united a cultivated literary taste, habits of application, and an unobtrusive spirit, never fully estimating its own merits. From none of my pupils did I ever receive a more agreeable tribute of fixed attention to all my instructions, especially those of a religious character,

more grateful attachment for aid in any intricate point of study, or toil of knowledge, which her docile and intelligent mind was ever ready to encounter, and to overcome.

A disease of the heart was the messenger that suddenly summoned her, at the age of nineteen, from life and its enjoyments. Scarcely changed was her polished brow. The Spoiler seemed to have respected its loveliness. Those who saw it in the white shroud, with its unchanged smile, were reminded of a passage in one of those poems, which she had been fond of repeating,—

“So calmly sweet, so coldly fair,  
We start! for soul is wanting there.”

Her companions will still remember the excellence she had attained in the recitation of poetry, though while she ministered to their enjoyment by this elegant accomplishment, they little thought that she was so soon herself to furnish an illustration of that “beauty in death,” to which she gave expression by her fine elocution and varied cadence.

Absence prevented me from visiting her, in the last stages of her brief illness, and my return was only a few hours after the solemn words had been uttered over her open grave, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection at the last day, and the life of the world to come."

She was the first among our cherished band who died in the city where our school had existed, or was buried in its place of graves. Over that lowly couch, her young associates doubtless delighted to rear some fragrant unobtrusive flower, emblematic of her character and of the affection which she so truly merited and fondly repaid.



MISS BETSEY LAW BISHOP of New Haven, Connecticut:—it seems scarcely possible that I am called to add this name to the catalogue of the pale assembly of the dead. She was as our song-bird. And though the warbler that cheers the ear this hour with melody, may the next be the prey of the fowler, I was not prepared to apply this truth to her. All who knew her, must remember the ardor of her nature, how her beautiful eyes were irradiated with the joys of the present, and the anticipations of the future. Strangers, in visiting our school, were accustomed to designate her, and ask whose fair countenance indicated such a fulness of bliss. To a mind of no common promise, she united a heart whose happy temperament seemed to have nothing either to conceal or to regret.

During her last visit to this city, in the

bloom and gaiety of sixteen, life presented only images of unmingled felicity. Still, amid the elasticity of spirits which had never tasted sorrow, she had cultivated serious reflection, and turned her young heart to Him who hath promised to be found of the early seeker. Soon after her return home, she was smitten by the shaft of consumption, that fearful, fatal archer. She became rapidly emaciated, and her elastic foot traversed the vales no more. In sickness she obtained that divine consolation which in health she had prized, and sought not in vain, One who had "himself been pierc'd by the archers." He compassionated the wounded, and

"With gentlest force soliciting the darts,

He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade her live."

Yes, *live!* but not in a clime of change and temptation, where she must often suffer, and might perchance sometimes fall. He bade her *live*, where is neither possibility of error, nor alloy to happiness, where the "corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal, immortality."

MISS ELIZABETH BALDWIN, a native of the same beautiful New Haven, and a friend of our last-named companion, was laid by her side, within the brief interval of two months. Hand in hand, they had trodden the same paths, and pursued the same studies, and "ere twice yon moon had filled her horn," one followed the other to that silent rest which is broken only by the resurrection morn. The same messenger was appointed for both, that pulmonary consumption which delights to revel amid our fairest flowers.

I last saw this loved pupil at the public dedication of our Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. She expressed much satisfaction in the appropriate exercises of the day, and deep interest in the benevolent designs of that noble establishment. Three years had elapsed since

the dissolution of our school. Some of us had entered a higher and more absorbing sphere of duty, and she was herself contemplating a similar change. Yet her affectionate heart recurred with unchanging warmth to the time spent together, as though scarcely a week had swept over its bright traces on memory's annals. I little thought, as she imparted these cherished recollections, that this brief visit was to be her last, and that I should see her face and hear her voice no more on earth.

Religious meditations and hopes were with her during the rapid progress of her disease, for she had previously inquired after the God of her fathers, and been anxious to know her duty with reference to Him. Nineteen happy summers had passed over her, when meekly, and with her trust above, she who came forth as a flower was cut down; and like a fleeting shadow continued not.

“The church-yard bears an added stone,  
The fireside shows a vacant chair,  
Here, sadness sits and weeps alone,  
And death displays its banner there ;

The life hath gone, the breath is fled,  
And what hath been no more shall be ;  
The well-known form, the welcome tread,  
Ah ! where are they, and where is she ?”

MISS MARY OLCOTT BARRY, of Baltimore, our sweet southern sister, was the youngest blossom that has been blighted in our garland. Fifteen summers were allotted her on earth, and then she passed to a more genial clime.

She was ever a favorite among her school-associates, for she possessed a heart of the warmest sensibilities, ready to make any sacrifice for the welfare of the objects of its love. We could not fail to appreciate a goodness always prompt to consult our minutest convenience, and to study our unspoken wishes.

I can never forget the expression of her countenance, when she came to take a final farewell, a few months after the separation of our school. Emotions of gratitude and love, not to be mistaken, regret at leaving those kind relatives, with whom her tender spirit

had found a delightful residence, joy at the prospect of reunion with affectionate parents and kindred, shed by turns changeful light and shades over her features, as the fleeting cloud, or sunbeam vary the surface of some crystal lake.

Three years of attentive study succeeded her return to her home, and her father who was her preceptor and qualified by high erudition and experience in teaching, to be an excellent judge, bore the most honorable testimony both to her proficiency and her virtues, pronouncing her "all that his heart could desire."

One of her most cherished anticipations was a visit to her friends in Hartford, for which she had obtained permission. The period approached for the consummation of this wish. Her heart was like a young bird with its pinions newly spread. Summer brightened and deepened. She had taken an active and diligent part in the preparation of her wardrobe for the expected journey. It was completed, but other garments awaited her—the winding-sheet and the shroud. "In a mo-

ment, in the twinkling of an eye," she was changed.—“ Dear child ! thy form hath returned to the earth, and thy spirit ascended to God who gave it.”



MISS CAROLINE COLLINS, of Middletown, Connecticut, by her amiable deportment in school, and her habit of patient, accurate investigation, maintained a high standing among those who best loved, and most successfully acquired knowledge. Always docile and consistent, nothing during our whole intercourse as teacher and pupil occurred to require restraint, unless it was that intense application which sometimes threatened to endanger health ; an error so coupled with meekness, that we were almost inclined to number it among her virtues.

In the welfare of our charitable society, one of whose objects was to form a uniting link after our band as a school was broken, she manifested deep and unvarying interest. One of the features devised to give it permanence, was a plan of correspondence. She punc-

tually observed the requirement that "each member of the society should at the return of its anniversary, address to some other distant member, a letter, renewing the traces of early friendship, proposing a few questions in the studies formerly pursued together, and enforcing some moral or religious resolution, as well as perseverance in works of benevolence."

I have in my possession a letter to one of her former school-associates, evincing how faithfully she complied with every form of obligation. After a few pleasant remarks to her friend, she thus acquits herself in the interrogative or recapitulatory department:—

"Please inform me who was the first aspirant after the title of *Conqueror*?

"Who was the preceptor of James the First, of England?

"Mention the names of the seven wise men of Greece, with their respective qualities.

"Which do you consider the most difficult, and which the most important study?

"Of what was the *circle* anciently counted symbolical?

“ Among the almost countless discoveries, or inventions, which do you consider as the most extensively beneficial to mankind ?

“ Now, as we are enjoined by the constitution of our society, not only to quicken literary recollections, but to recommend some particular virtue, and urge that it be pursued to excellence, what, my dear friend, shall I press on you ? Many are the virtues that my heart wishes you to possess, and hopes that you assiduously cultivate. Above all, ‘ seek the pearl of great price.’ For a blessed assurance is given, ‘ Seek, and ye shall find.’

“ Having obtained this, you will not only find your own happiness more complete, but greatly add to that of those around you.

“ Ah ! how true is it that life is uncertain. We know not even where the next hour may find us. Time speeds on, and, ere long, the green sod will cover our cold dust. Yet, why should we wish to delay the moment that shall release us from a world of sorrow and of sin, and open the dawn of a glorious eternity ? Unassisted nature may indeed shrink, and

with dread contemplate a vast, unrealized futurity. But the spirit of the Christian looks beyond the veil, and beholds an inheritance purchased by a Redeemer, the Author of its salvation."

Solemnly does it impress the words of this youthful advocate for the truth, to feel that so soon after their utterance, she was summoned to test their reality, not "through a glass darkly, but face to face." A victim of that insidious disease which flushes the cheek with beauty, while it pours deadly poison through the vitals, she was not blinded by its flatteries. With the same placid composure that had attended her in health and prosperity, she took cognizance of her path of decline, and of the narrow house where it must terminate. Withdrawing herself from such visits and conversation as might cause the shadows of this receding world, to bewilder the contemplation, or obstruct the prospect of that which she was about to enter, she calmly went down into the dark valley, resting on an unseen, omnipotent Arm.

When the intelligence of the departure of that dear one reached me, a passage from her favorite poet rushed to my mind,—

“Lay her in the grave,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
Let violets spring.”

But how immeasurably more sublime, are the words of the Saviour, in whom she confided, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

MISS MARGARET COLT, one of our favorite pupils, was taken in youth from many mourning friends, and what still deepened the sadness of separation, from a heart that tenderly loved her, and trusted ere long to have united its earthly destinies with hers.

“Snatch’d in her bloom, and in her bridal hour.”

How often from my window, for our residences were near each other, have I seen her traversing the pleasant grounds and shaded retreats of her home, or heard the glad tones of her voice, welcoming some approaching guest. Yet amid the sunshine of joy, the Spoiler stole secretly to her side. His arrow was insidious and keen. Months of suffering, mingled with the knell of the consumptive cough, ensued.

But life was sweet to her, and resolutely she cherished a trust of its continuance.

To her young spirit, it was a pleasant thing to look on this beautiful world, and listen to the voice of love, and twine the bower of hope, with budding garlands. Then, a change came over her whole nature, so suddenly, so strongly marked, that it seemed like a new life, the life of those that are born of the Spirit. The charms and aspirations that had their root in earth, faded into the calmness of perfect peace, and resignation to the Divine Will.

Her anticipations, her treasures, were transferred above, and her soul in patience waited the summons to arise, and follow them. It was not the agony of pain, rendering existence joyless, for her decline had been more gentle than was common to her fatal disease. She acknowledged that she had never known true happiness, until laid on her couch of mortal languishing; and sent to her young companions affecting messages, and monitions indicative of her anxiety for their eternal welfare. To her revered spiritual guide, she gave, as

the text of her funeral sermon, the emphatic, inspired injunction, "Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

My last interview with her, is deeply depicted on my heart. It was but a few days before her soul took its flight. She was laboring for the faint breath that still bound her to clay. The heaving bosom told how strong was the toil, and that the strife could not be long sustained. Yet on her pure brow, was the smile of one, from whom the bitterness of death had been taken away. Her eye beamed with unearthly brightness, at the name of Him who was her strength and salvation. The final dismissal was without a struggle. A call to her Saviour, hung upon her lip, when it was white and cold as marble, and with the early light of a cloudless summer morning, she calmly departed in the bloom of nineteen.

There was an open grave, and many an eye  
Looked down upon it. Slow the sable hearse  
Moved on, as if reluctantly it bare  
The young, unwearied form to that cold couch



Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.  
There seemed a sadness in the humid air,  
Lifting the young grass from those verdant mounds  
Where slumber multitudes.

There was a train  
Of young fair females, with their brows of bloom,  
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,  
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit  
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach  
Of their companion. She was wont to fly  
And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,  
Brushing the dew-drop from the morning flowers,  
And breathing mirth and gladness. *Now*, she came  
With movements fashioned to the deep-toned bell;  
She came with mourning sire and sorrowing friends,  
And tears of those who at her side were nursed  
By the same mother.

Ah! and one was there,  
Who, ere the fading of the summer rose,  
Had hoped to greet her as his bride. But death  
Arose between them. The pale lover watched  
So close her journey through the shadowy vale,  
That almost to his heart the ice of death  
Entered from hers. There was a brilliant flush  
Of youth about her, and her kindling eye  
Poured such unearthly light, that hope would hang  
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropped  
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toiled  
For that slight breath that held her from the tomb,  
Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun

Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,  
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.

Oft o'er the musings of her silent couch  
Came visions of that matron form which bent  
With nursing tenderness to soothe and bless  
Her cradle dream : and her emaciate hand  
In trembling prayer she raised, that He who saved  
The sainted mother would redeem the child.  
Was the orison lost ? Whence then that peace  
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that loved  
Earth and its pleasures ? Whence that angel smile  
With which the allurements of a world so dear  
Were counted and resigned ? that eloquence  
So fondly urging those whose hearts were full  
Of sublunary happiness, to seek  
A better portion ? Whence that voice of joy,  
Which from the marble lip, in life's last strife  
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home ?

Cold reasoners ! be convinced. And when ye stand  
Where that fair brow, and those unfrosted locks  
Return to dust, where the young sleeper waits  
The resurrection morn, oh ! lift the heart  
To praise to Him who gave the victory.

MISS CHARLOTTE HULL, a native of Cheshire, Connecticut, and afterwards the wife of John Olmsted, Esq., of Hartford, was distinguished among her associates at school by correct scholarship, and uniformly amiable deportment. The retiring feminine graces were eminently hers, and a heart that could love deeply and truly. Nothing during the whole period of her continuance under my care, could have justified reproof; and after the bands of our intercourse were sundered, and a new sphere of action prepared for us, her smile of unchanged love, and words of affectionate greeting, whenever we met, were a cordial to my spirit.

In the duties of wife and mother, she was the same graceful, excellent, self-sacrificing being, as when, in early youth, among her

joyous companions, she gathered the thornless flowers of knowledge. To make his interest her own, to whom she had given her sacred vows, to labor without weariness, in the formation of the infant mind, to conform herself to the will of her Maker, were her studies, and sources of happiness. Always gentle, always cheerful, always faithful, these were her characteristics in domestic life.

In her sudden, unexpected call from the enjoyments that surrounded her, we read anew the frailty of earthly hope, and the necessity of standing ever on our watch, not knowing whether the dark-winged angel shall come "at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning." It was the greatest consolation to her bereaved friends, that she was thus prepared. One of her last acts, was what she had long contemplated, a public dedication of herself to the service of God.

On the day when her name was to be enrolled among the disciples of her Saviour, the inclemency of the weather, and her own somewhat delicate health, caused a doubt whether

it were best for her to attend divine service ; but she mildly expressed her determination to go, adding, " Perhaps, I may not have another opportunity." Did the Spirit of truth whisper to her young heart, the uncertainty of this mortal life, which she was so soon to exemplify ?

The brief interval, after the last messenger came, she employed in taking leave of her dearest friends, and her two little sons, expressing the strength of her Christian hope, and commending her soul to Him who summoned it. Music, that had been her solace from early days, still lingered in her heart, with its harmonies, and she attempted to sing a hymn, but the ice of death checked the trembling strain of melody. Beside her lifeless form, as it was laid shrouded in the house of prayer, many listened to the solemn teachings of her pastor, founded on that sublime passage of inspiration, " God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

I saw, at opening morn, a blissful scene,  
As if on earth a ray of Eden shone,  
A lovely form with countenance serene,  
Which bending from the pure domestic throne,  
Poured forth a sacred hymn in warbling tone ;  
One beauteous boy was sporting at her side,  
And one in cradle dreams, like bud new-blown,  
While o'er her varying cheek was seen to glide  
A guardian angel's love, blent with a mother's pride.

At evening hour I came,—but woe was there !  
On that fair brow the hand of death was laid,  
Love's fondest hopes were lost in deep despair,  
And desolation drew its darkest shade.  
The dews of pain had drenched that sunny braid  
Of clustering hair, and dimmed the eye's bright flame,  
While clinging to the hand that lent no aid,  
Those cherub infants called their mother's name,  
And wept in wondering woe, that no fond answer came.

Again I look'd, and in the house of God,  
Where late she stood, her solemn vows to pay,  
Choosing the narrow path her Saviour trod,  
With changeless smile, the gentle sleeper lay ;  
Sadly they bore her to her bed of clay,  
And smoothed the turf, while tears fell down like rain :  
But the young mother, to a brighter day  
Soared high above the flight of care and pain,  
To wear the spotless robe in her Redeemer's train.

MISS SARAH ANN COLT was quite young at her entrance into our school, and admired for her bright, cheerful countenance. Her image is exceedingly vivid on memory's annal, with her profuse flaxen hair, clear, blue eye, and sweet smile, as she lingered by the side of her elder sister, on whom she affectionately depended. A few years fled, and I saw her bending over the open grave of that loved sister, a deep and intense mourner. Faith in that Redeemer, among whose professed followers she enrolled herself, in the bloom of youth, sustained and gradually soothed her sorrow.

Ere her removal to another State with her parents, she officiated as a faithful teacher in the female Seminary of her native city. Most pleasant has it been to me to find so

many of those who were once under my care, zealous to render patient and efficient service whenever opportunity is offered to enter on the great work of education.

But at the tenth anniversary after our separation as a school, when we gathered together in our consecrated grove, where she had so delighted to meet with us, she, with eight others of our beloved band, had already become tenants of the narrow tomb.

The groups that once glided among those green trees, or sate conversing upon the fringed margin of their favorite stream, fair, and full of gladness, knowing naught of life, save the blush and perfume of its morning, found after the lapse of a few years almost every festival saddened by memories of departed, dear ones. Still it was consoling thus to meet, and speak to each other in sympathy of the loved and lost. The simplest mark of attachment, the slightest office of affection was restored, and treasured, for the tomb gives a strange, solemn value to every smile of its in-



mates, every word that fell from lips which  
are to be unsealed no more on earth.

I saw a drop of morning dew  
Like crystal gem serene,  
Bright sparkling on a verdant bough  
All drest in summer-green ;  
The noon-day sun exhal'd the tear  
And drank it, as it shone,  
The winds of winter cleft the stem,  
It trembled, and was gone.  
Was not that dew-drop like the bloom  
And glory of our span ?  
And yonder reft, and blighted bough  
Like the frail hope of man ?

WHEN memory recalls the image of those fair young beings, who for five years brought me so much happiness, that of Miss Mary Hillhouse Pitkin is ever vivid among the cherished group. Gentle, graceful, and studious, her faults, if she had any, were either not discernible during our intercourse, or have faded from the tablet of remembrance.

Delicacy and purity of mind were among her distinguishing characteristics, to which the proprieties of a perfectly lady-like deportment gave due expression. She also evinced a maturity of thought and judgment that made her the counsellor, as well as the friend of her companions. This influence was increased by a disposition so amiable, and a temper so singularly equable and sweet, that those who shared with her the earliest and

most intimate relations of life, are doubtful whether it was ever seriously ruffled.

Her virtues rested on the basis of true religion, with whose principles and love she was imbued in her tender years. They were displayed in the beauty of a consistent example, ere she added the outward profession of her faith, and at the age of nineteen received the blessed memorials of her Saviour's dying love.

Soon after this self-consecration, she assumed a new and wider range of duty by her marriage with John T. Norton, Esq., and removal from the sweetly rural scenery of Farmington, her native place, to the city of Albany.

Thither she bore the same loving spirit, and unobtrusive goodness that had marked her from the beginning, and made the departure from her father's house the first grief that she had ever caused there. Entering upon the climax of woman's duty, with a right spirit, she attained a higher happiness than she had ever before known. Surrounded by all that could make life attractive, a circle of deeply

attached friends, a happy and elegant home, and the bird-like voices of little ones, hailing her as their mother, she found in their nursing, care and moral training full exercise and payment for her tireless tenderness.

Thus actively and delightfully employed, she was found by that subtle foe, who carries sorrow and desolation into so many of the families of our land. The indications of consumption were of so decided a character, that, coupled as they were, in her case, with fragility of form, and delicate organization, a fatal result was but too surely predicted. That there was deep strife at a heart so full to overflowing of intense affections, who can doubt? But of this "travail of the soul" there remains no record. The same fortitude and regard for the feelings of others, which led her to suppress the outward signs of physical suffering, enabled her to spare them the sight of that anguish, which admitted of no earthly alleviation.

For two years, all the efforts of medicine, and the solitudes of love, contended with the

disease, but health never more revisited her languid frame. What an affecting lesson did she give of faith, resignation, and Christian hope. Not an impatient or repining word escaped her lips; and through the protracted period of trial and weakness, she manifested such cheerful serenity, that it was to her sick chamber, her stricken friends resorted for comfort and peace.

Then came the bitter parting from her little ones, and with what composure was it sustained. Begging them never to forget her, she resigned them without a murmur to their Father in heaven. It was so arranged that the last summer of her life should pass in the home of her birth, where, amid all the objects of her fondest earthly love, she calmly obeyed the call to leave them, on the 21st of September, 1829, at the age of twenty-seven.

Once, during the latter stages of her sickness, while conversing with the confidence of intimacy on her approaching dissolution, she said in the yearning of maternal love, she felt as if she might part with her sons, but her infant daughters she would fain take with her.

Was that uttered emotion a prayer? Was it answered in Infinite Wisdom? One lamb-like little daughter, soon after, preceded her to heaven, and ere the year closed, the other was also laid by her side.

So early called! How brief the space  
Since thou, enwrapped in youthful grace  
Amid the haunts of studious thought,  
For classic knowledge meekly sought.

How brief the space! Yet who may trust  
The joys that have their root in dust.  
For time will mark the fairest brow,  
And chain the lightest step, and thou  
Through many a change hast swiftly sped,  
Wife, mother, and the early dead.

Yet we remember thee, as one  
In whom the work of faith was done;  
And better is it thus to soar  
To Heaven's high bliss ere youth is o'er,  
And leave that hope serenely clear  
Whose lustre lights the mourner's tear,  
Than drawing long life's feeble thread,  
Reluctant, lingering, o'er the dead,  
Unloved, unwept, resign its sway,  
And unrecorded, pass away.

HAD I been required to select from our whole number of pupils, one who drew most powerfully toward herself the unlimited regard of every heart, the selection would without hesitation have fallen upon Miss Alice Cogswell. Her peculiar misfortune—the deprivation of hearing and speech, opened for her new avenues to tenderness and sympathy. Though her tones might not reach the ear, from her eye flowed a resistless dialect, comprehended by all. The language of the affections was eminently at her control. It found a response in every bosom. To know her intimately, as it was my privilege to do, to witness the early expansion of her fine intellect, her vivid imagination, her thirst for knowledge, and her rapture in acquiring it, could

not but lay the foundation of no common attachment.

Her deportment in school was most winning. Love for her teacher, and companions was ever beaming from her expressive features. The language of signs, as now exhibited in its wonderful copiousness and power, had not then crossed the ocean to this western world, to bind to society and its privileges, such multitudes of silent people. The rapid manual alphabet now in use had not reached us; and the tardy representation with both hands, of each letter constituting a word, and the few signs that we were able to invent, founded principally on visible resemblance, were, save the utterance of the eye, our only means of communication. On these, her gifted mind seized, intent to overleap every obstacle, and whenever it had possessed itself of a fact, formed rapidly its own opinions and conclusions.

Having no guide in this species of instruction, I earnestly labored to enlarge the number of signs, in which I was aided by her



school-mates, for she was the darling of all. I arranged alphabetically a vocabulary of her scholastic gleanings, statedly adding to it each new attainment, and ever when her associates had completed their weekly review of studies, she came joyfully, by the aid of this simple lexicon, to pass her own. Her definition of words, was varied by appendant descriptions, or snatches of narrative, historical, biographical, and scriptural, which had been taught her; and as she gave them by signs, her fellow-pupils in rotation interpreted orally, exulting in every acquisition or commendation, as though it were their own.

Fragments of knowledge, thus imparted and stored, she guarded as treasures, and every new idea that glowed on the mind's pure altar gave her intense delight. Each day, she was watchful of the periods of time that it was in my power regularly to devote to her; and sometimes ere the classes had quite completed their recitations, stood imploringly by my side, spelling on her slender fingers, "Have you not now something for your little Alice?" She

was in a similar picturesque attitude, when the following extempore effusion, partly referring to herself, was written during the business of the school. I recollect the smiling curiosity with which she noted the rapid formation of the "short lines," as she was accustomed to designate poetry.

EXCUSE FOR NOT FULFILLING AN ENGAGEMENT.

My friend, I gave a glad assent  
To your request at noon,  
But now I find I cannot leave  
My precious charge so soon.

Early I came, and as my feet  
First enter'd at the door,  
"Remember," to myself I said,  
"You must dismiss at four."

But slates and books and maps appear,  
And many a dear one cries,  
"Please tell us whence that river sprang,  
"And where those mountains rise,

"And when that blind, old monarch reign'd,  
And who was king before,  
And stay a little after five,  
And tell us something more."

And then our darling Alice comes,  
And who unmov'd can view  
The glance of that imploring eye,  
“ *Oh ! teach me something, too.*”

Yet who would think, amid the toil,  
(Tho' scarce a toil it be,)  
That through the door the Muses coy  
Should deign to peep at me !

Methought their glance was strange and cold,  
As though it fain would say,  
“ We did not know you kept a school,  
We must have lost our way.”

Their visit was but short indeed  
As these slight numbers show,  
But ah ! they bade me write with speed,  
Dear friend, I cannot go.

I think our silent favorite was a child of genius. Originality, and considerable histrionic talent, were early developed. I was indebted to her for a new idea, that the hand and eye possessed an eloquence which had been heretofore claimed as the exclusive privilege of the tongue ; that the language of the speechless might find an avenue to the soul, though all unaided by the melody of

sound. Her perceptive and imitative powers were also conspicuous. What she observed others do, she was anxious to attempt herself, and sanguine in expecting success. When she saw her companions addressing letters to me, she rested not until she obtained permission also to become my correspondent. Her chirography was fair and bold, for a child of nine years of age, but few, with all the obstacles by which she was surrounded, would thus have voluntarily assumed the labor of linking written speech with thought.

At first, with only a few nouns and verbs at command, she fearlessly encountered a mysterious host of auxiliaries, and connectives; and a few extracts from her letters, which I have carefully preserved, will show both her perseverance, and her improvement. One of her earliest literary efforts took the rather ambitious subject of the illumination, on the return of peace in the winter of 1815.

“The world—all peace.—Now am I glad.  
—Many candles in windows.—Shine bright

on snow.—Houses most beautiful.—Friends at my home that night, and one baby.

“Sorry is Alice—you have no brother—no sister.—My sisters, three,—my brothers, one.—They are beautiful.—Sorry am I you never had any.—My father and my mother.—Much I love all.

“Girls, fifteen in school.—You teach.—You write, and give letters.—Cleopatra I learn—great queen—face very handsome—say to maid,—bring basket—figs—asp bite arm—swell—die.

“Xerxes, proud king—very many soldiers—go to fight Greeks—come back creeping—many men killed.

“Zones, five;—one warm, all people faint; two very cold—two half hot, half cold—temperate.

“I have see New Haven.—My sister and I.—We lived at Mrs. Hillhouse’s.—I was much shaken in the awful stage.—Beautiful houses—very many.—Peaches and apples—

sweet and good.—I like ladies.—Many walks.—I love very much New Haven.—I think Hartford best.—My Burgundy rose—short—red—very bright—in my garden.—My young sister pluck buds.—She rose-bud too.—I very much love my rose in garden, and my young sister.

“Mr. Gallaudet gone to Paris.—Come back with Mr. Clerc.—Teach deaf and dumb, new words, new signs.—Oh, beautiful.—I very afraid wind blow hard on Ocean—turn over ship.—Alice very afraid.—Mr. Gallaudet will pray God to keep, not drown.—Wind blow right way.—I very glad.

“Rev. Dr. Strong dead.—He—very much knowledge—great preacher.—He tell all people to love Jesus Christ.—He very much love Him.—He went to see Jesus Christ.—Everybody very much sorry.—I am, oh, very sorry.—I see him no more.

“You learn me text every morning.—I tell them you every night.—Oh, beautiful.—I love you.—To-day you teach, ‘Beloved, follow not

that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good, is of God.' ”

After the system of the illustrious Sicard was brought to this country, by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and Mr. Clerc, and the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb established at Hartford, she became one of its distinguished pupils, and the nucleus of thought and feeling, which these spontaneous efforts of childhood disclose, expanded into a varied and polished style. Yet, pleasing associations linger around the first fragmentary unfoldings of a fine intellect, and a loving heart.

Many of these mingle with her history, when she began to aid, according to her ability, the charitable society which her schoolmates had instituted. It was during an uncommonly severe winter that she first accompanied the almoners on a visit of distribution. It would be scarcely possible for any child of her tender age, with all the instrumentalities of speech, to have uttered a more eloquent

description, than she gave me at her return, in her silent dialect of the hand and eye.

“We entered a little upper room. The stairs were dark and broken. We had walked through deep snows. My feet were very cold. But there was not fire to warm them. No. I could have held in one small hand, those few, faint coals. Neither was there any wood. No.

“The poor woman lay in a low bed. Half sitting up, she shivered, for she wore only old, thin garments.

“And she had a sick baby. It was pale and threw its arms about. I think it cried. But there was no doctor there. No, none.

“The father came in. He had in his hand a few pieces of pine. He had gathered them in the streets. He laid them on the fire. His wife spoke to him. Then he looked sorry. I asked my friends what she said. The words of the poor woman to her husband were,— ‘Did you bring a candle?’ He answered,— ‘No. I have no money to buy a candle.’ Then there were tears on her cheeks, as she



said,—‘ Must we be in the dark, another long, cold night, with our sick child ? ’ ”

As she proceeded to describe the relief imparted, and the smiles that came suddenly over the faces of the sorrowing poor, a tear of exquisite feeling glistened in her eye. Not the slightest circumstance escaped her discriminating notice, and her heart was true to every generous sensibility.

Filial affection was among her prominent virtues. It was with her not only a duty but a delight, to testify gratitude, and try to serve those whose tenderness had nurtured her infancy. But peculiarly, in her love for her father, the late Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, known and remembered by so many as the “ beloved physician,” there seemed almost a feature of idolatry. Its enthusiasm gathered strength with years. When he was taken from her by acute disease, she drooped, as if bewildered by the shock of grief. “ My heart grew to his,” said she, in her strong language of gesture. “ It cannot be separated.” And

in a few days her turf-pillow was by his side.

May we not imagine her, from a higher and purer region, thus addressing the cherished objects of kindred affection ?

Sisters ! there's music here ;  
From countless harps it flows,  
Throughout this bright celestial sphere,  
Nor pause nor discord knows.  
The seal is melted from my ear  
By love divine,  
And what through life I pined to hear,  
Is mine ! Is mine !  
The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir,  
And the full deep response of David's sacred lyre.  
Did kind earth hide from me  
Her broken harmony,  
That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,  
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering soul ?

Joy ! I am mute no more,  
My sad and silent years  
With all their loneliness are o'er.  
Sweet sisters ! dry your tears ;  
Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—  
List at the hour of prayer—can ye not hear my lay ?  
Untaught, unchecked, it came,  
As light from chaos beamed,

Praising His everlasting name  
Whose blood from Calvary streamed,  
And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the  
redeemed.

Brother ! my only one !  
Beloved from childhood's hours,  
With whom, beneath the vernal sun,  
I wandered when our task was done,  
And gathered early flowers,  
I cannot come to thee.  
Though 'twas so sweet to rest  
Upon thy gently guiding arm, thy sympathizing breast,  
'Tis better here to be.  
No disappointments shroud  
The angel-bowers of joy,  
Our knowledge hath no cloud,  
Our pleasures no alloy,  
The fearful word *to part*  
Is never breathed above,  
Heaven hath no broken heart--  
Call me not hence, my love.

O mother ! He is here  
To whom my heart so grew,  
That when death's fatal spear  
Stretched him upon his bier,  
I fain must follow too !  
His smile my infant griefs restrained,  
His image in my childish dream,  
And o'er my young affections, reigned  
With gratitude unuttered and supreme.

But yet, till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant  
show,

I knew not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's  
heart doth owe.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains his ardent glow?

Ask ye if filial love

Unbodied spirits prove?

'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to soothe thy woes,—

How near—thou canst not see—

I watch thy lone repose,

Alice does comfort thee:

To welcome thee, I wait; blest mother! come to me.

THE name of Miss Emily Tisdale Nichols, was dear to all her associates. The native warmth, and cheerfulness of her disposition, with a brilliant vein of wit, rendered her a prime favorite in seasons of joy. Her energy in devising, and her skill in executing, made her equally important in times of action and effort, especially when sickness needed aid, or poverty a helper.

The last year of her life was pre-eminently marked by benevolent exertion, which seemed to have its spring and source in a rational, earnest piety. The Scriptures and books of deep devotion, were her daily counsellors. It was her desire, and fixed resolution to come to the table of her Saviour ; but on the Sabbath, when we expected her to commemorate with us, “ His death whose rising was our salva-

tion," she alas ! was stretched on the couch of mortal disease. Spring was putting forth its fresh, early buds, but she, smitten and parched by the fatal fever-stroke, faded in life's young blossom.

Affections, the most sanguine and sacred, withered at her departure. One, whose vocation it is to minister at God's altar, had entwined his fondest hopes of earthly happiness with her life. Yet though our sister was so dear to many hearts, we are not called to mourn, as those who refuse to be comforted, but rather to contemplate her gain, as one who hath forever entered into rest. To the infirmities that afflict the body, to the prejudices that darken the mind, to the sins that enslave the soul, she hath bidden an eternal farewell. She hath arisen where "affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears."

I saw her toiling for the unfed poor,  
Or bending o'er the couch of tossing pain  
Through the long watches of the wintry night.  
Why laid she thus their burdens to her heart,  
Forgetful of youth's pleasures ? Did some voice  
Prophetic, warn her that the clime drew near,

Where are no sick to comfort, and no poor  
To need a garment ?

Felt she that her step  
Was near the threshold where the weary rest ?  
We may not say what light was in her soul,  
For that blest Book which speaks the Eternal Mind,  
Was her close counsellor, and night and day  
She wooed its wisdom with a childlike love,  
Till the wild gladness of her nature took  
A deeper and a holier tint, like one  
Who girds his sabbath mantle meekly on,  
To tread God's courts.

Come, 'tis a holy hour.  
The Easter morn empurpleth the far hills,  
And she, our Church, a weeping pilgrim long,  
Fast by the footsteps of her suffering Lord,  
Up to His cross, and downward to His tomb,  
Doth hail His rising. Lo ! her feast is spread,  
And thou art bidden, daughter. 'Twas thy prayer  
To lift thy young heart's banner up this day,  
Before His altar, and to join the host  
Who follow Him to death. Behold, they kneel  
With meek obedience to their Master's call,  
And through the consecrated emblems seek  
Remission of their sins.

Why lingerest thou ?  
They pointed to a chamber and a couch,  
Where fever, with its red and quenchless fires,  
Wrought in life's citadel. Yet 'mid the pain  
And tossing of that sleepless agony,

When every nerve was quivering, and the veins  
Shrank from the lava tide that through them flowed,  
There rose a prayer to Jesus, and those lips  
So parched and pallid, spake the words of Heaven.  
—Death drew the curtain, and she slept in peace.  
But tears are flowing 'mid the pleasant halls  
Where her affections rested, shedding forth  
Their brilliance like some never-setting sun.  
Yes, there are lingering sighs of mournful thought,  
Where poverty its naked hearth would trim,  
And frequent lisplings of her name from babes  
Who by the robes that shield them from the storm,  
And by the holy lessons she had taught  
Upon the day of God, remember her.  
—But keener grief doth dwell in one lone heart,  
Which by the strongest links of earthly hope  
Had bound her to its love, so that each scene  
Of bright futurity—the Pastor's home,  
Altar and flock, and household hymn at eve,  
Were coupled with her image. Of such woe,  
Weak language speaketh not.

But ye, who give  
Your angel-welcome to each happy guest,  
That from time's tribulation riseth pure,  
Vouchsafe some echo from your thrilling harps  
That at Heaven's bliss, these clouds of earth may fade.



MISS HARRIETTE E. WADSWORTH, a native of Geneseo, New York, and afterwards the wife of the Hon. Martin Brimmer of Boston, by her assiduity in acquiring knowledge, maintained a high standing in her class at school, while her affectionate disposition, and noble frankness of manner, left traces on remembrance as pleasing as they were indelible. The glance of her full, dark eye is still with me, as a thing of life. Wealth, with its many temptations, wrought in her well-balanced mind neither haughtiness nor self-indulgence.

In the full maturity of womanly beauty, there was about her a striking, simple dignity of manner, a graceful and consistent performance of every duty, that made her highly appreciated in the intellectual society where

her lot was cast. Her lot was cast, but ah! for how short a period.

Beneath the aspect of vigorous health, tendencies to pulmonary disease were detected. Judicious and persevering regimen had seemed to arrest their progress, and as a temporary residence on the island of Cuba, appeared to have had a salubrious effect, she was persuaded to make a second voyage thither, in the autumn of 1832. She was accompanied by her husband, her little son, and other loving, kindred spirits. They continued to cheer themselves with a hope which she had silently and calmly resigned. She felt that the footstep of death was near. Not long after her establishment amid the glowing, gorgeous scenery in the neighborhood of Havana, she was removed, as we trust, to a more congenial clime, where no canker eats the rose, and the Spoiler's foot enters not.

They said that with a smile she passed  
From her dear home away,  
That her bright eye at parting cast  
A strange, unearthly ray,

That on her cheek, in brilliance rare,  
 So warm a flush did burn,  
 It seem'd the pledge and promise fair  
 Of health and glad return.

Yet many a trembling prayer for her  
 Arose from friendship's train,  
 That lov'd and lovely voyager  
 Upon the faithless main,  
 While lightly o'er the tossing wave  
 The white-wing'd ship did glide,  
 And those who thought to shield and save  
 Press'd closer to her side.

Full oft she mark'd with earnest joy  
 That only mothers know,  
 The wonder of her darling boy,  
 At Ocean's changeful show,  
 The finny forms that cleave its breast,  
 The glancing sea-bird's flight,  
 And dancing o'er the billows' crest  
 The phosphorescent light.

On yon green Isle, by balmy breeze,  
 And fervid sunbeam blest,  
 Where the "world-seeking Genoese"  
 Hath found a couch of rest,  
 Even there, where winter's tyrant gloom  
 May never dare to roll,  
 And flowers emit uncheck'd perfume,  
 Went down that flower of soul.

Yet let not mourning love despair,  
Though darkest grief invade,  
This cypress-wreath hath blossoms fair  
Of hope that cannot fade ;  
'Twas hers to cheer the haunts of pain,  
To bless the good and wise,  
And lightly chasten'd, rise to gain  
A bliss that never dies.

MISS WELTHA F. BROWN, was among our happy band, the impersonation of gentleness and loveliness. In early childhood, her reflecting mind had been led to the contemplation of things beyond this world. At the age of seven, she was deeply and permanently impressed with the solemnity of the truths of religion, and at fourteen, her desire to profess her faith in her Redeemer was indulged, and she commemorated his dying love with an affecting humility. A lamb of his flock, she ever faithfully followed the Chief Shepherd, and was sheltered and guided by his care.

In the bloom of her beautiful youth, she became the wife of the Rev. Henry Robinson, and devoted herself to her new sphere of duty, striving to be his helper, who labored in a sacred vocation. One of her four little ones,

who evinced uncommon mental precocity, and delight in religious instruction, was taken at the age of three and a half years to Him of whom she was fond of repeating, in her soft, silvery tones, "He gathereth the lambs with his arm and carrieth them in his bosom."

The bereaved mother suffered the pain of infirm health, with great patience. Disease of the heart, was the messenger deputed to remove her from the interchange of earthly affection. The serenity of her religious trust amid seasons of anguish impressed all who were around her. When paroxysms of agony abated, she would be heard murmuring, in a low, faint voice,—

"His way was much rougher,  
Much darker than mine,  
Did Jesus thus suffer,  
And shall I repine?"

On the last day of her life, she said,—"I have an advocate with God, touched with the feeling of mine infirmities, who was in all points tempted as I am, yet without sin."

When her little ones came around her bed, it was observed that her pale lips moved in prayer, commending them to the God in whom was her confidence. Then, laying her icy hand on the head of her only son, she uttered audibly the most earnest supplications. As speech failed, and the breath was ebbing away, she said,—“I look to Jesus Christ alone, the chief corner-stone, elect, precious.”

A blessed testimony, daughter and sister ! with which to close thy pilgrimage, and finish thy work on earth.

I heard the voice of prayer, a mother's prayer,  
A dying mother for her only son.

His childish brow was fair,  
Her hand was on his head,  
Her parting words were said,  
Her work was done.

And there were other footsteps round her bed,  
And other bird-like tones, for “*Mother dear,*”  
Asking with mournful tear,  
In vain ! In vain ! that gentle guide has fled,  
Her heart is pulseless laid low with the silent dead.

On, thro' the darken'd valley, drear and cold,  
Mid the hoarse rush of Jordan's swelling wave,  
Alone she trod. Was there no earthly hold,  
No friend, no helper, no fond arm to save ?

Down to the fearful grave  
In the firm courage of a faith serene,  
She dauntless press'd,  
And as she drew the cord  
That bound her to her Lord  
More closely round her breast,  
The bright wing of the waiting angel spread  
More palpably, and mortal joys grew pale,  
Even fond affection's wail,  
Seem'd like the murmur'd sigh of Spring's forgotten  
gale.

And thus the mother's prayer  
So often breath'd above  
In agonizing love,  
Rose to high praise of God's protecting care,  
As with a trustful eye  
Of Christian constancy,  
On his strong love, her infant charge she laid,  
Teaching the mournful band  
How a weak woman's hand  
Wrestling with suffering and with sin,  
Might from the last grim tyrant win  
The victory.



MISS CHARLOTTE M'CRAE, a native of the West Indies, seems in remembrance like a fleeting, ethereal vision; for coming to us only in the last year of our school, her intercourse with us was as brief, as it was delightful. She was beautiful in person and countenance, and of winning manners. On more than one occasion, her serious and sweet humility of deportment during the sacred worship of the Sabbath, was remarked by strangers. She was greatly beloved by her young friends, for her disposition was obliging, and her heart touchingly affectionate. The admiration that her beauty excited, and the elegance that wealth threw around her, caused no assumption of vanity, or departure from simplicity. Being of Scottish descent, she was imbued with a peculiar love for the

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of her sires.”

In her eighteenth summer she was married to Edmund B. Vass, Esq., also of Scottish ancestry, and became a resident of our sunny south. From her fair Floridian home, the notices that reached us were few, and far between. The cares of a southern matron, and the rearing of three little ones, occupied her thoughts. Her kind nature was tenderly observant even of mute dependents, and one of her domestic amusements was the superintendence of a large flock of fine poultry, which she often fed with her own hand, studying their welfare and prosperity, as a science. A picture was once drawn of her, by a graphic pen, with an apron full of corn, which she scattered with her own fairy grace of movement, among troops of chickens. There seemed an affinity between this commendable deportment of feminine economy, and her gentle nature, regarding the happiness of the humblest creature.

In the summer of 1833, about nine years after her marriage, one of those sudden and violent tornadoes arose, by which our southern climes are sometimes visited. Why she should have thrown open the front door, and stepped from the verandah, while the sweeping whirlwind was in full power, is not known. At the same instant one of the lofty trees that shaded her mansion fell, crushing her fair form beneath its ponderous weight. Her husband and brother rushed to her side, but she was lifeless. Three little daughters gathered around her, in despairing grief, but she was to speak to them on earth no more. She had become a denizen of the land where storms have no place.

A lily of the vale  
 Sprang up, serene and fair,  
 The sister flow'rets lov'd its charms,  
 And prais'd its fragrance rare.

Instinct with modest grace  
 It shunn'd the gazer's view,  
 Though soft perfume betray'd the place  
 Where its pure petals grew.

Thus fled its dewy morn,  
But clouds at noon-day rose,  
And wildly o'er its home the winds  
Rag'd like relentless foes,

They reft the clasping vine,  
They wreck'd the lordly tree,  
And, broken lily of the vale,  
We shed the tear for thee.

MISS FRANCES E. STEDMAN was my pupil during the last year of my service as a teacher. She possessed good talents, and was attached to her school and associates. This affectionate feeling was reciprocated, and our intercourse, though not long, was a source of improvement and mutual happiness.

In 1832, she was married to Mr. James S. Clarke, and still continued to cheer by her presence the paternal abode, which had been left in sadness by the death of a beloved mother. The duties and joys that cluster around the sacred names of wife, daughter, and sister, rendered her love of home so entire that she seldom left it, even for the variation of a journey.

But these blended satisfactions were to be of short duration. Consumption, that subtle and insatiate foe, which delights to make the

fairest its prey, and has so often fed upon our most precious ones, marked her for a victim. Its progress was insidious, and rapid. The rose that kindled, and burned amid the snows of her brow, and the unearthly lustre of her eye, disclosed the ravage that it strove to conceal beneath a veil of added beauty.

In less than three years after her marriage, she was consigned to the tomb.

Can we forget the buds that wove  
Bright garlands round our tent?  
The links that from our chain of love  
By death's stern grasp were rent?

The smiles that round our peaceful hall  
Beam'd like the morning ray,  
The tones that answer'd to our call  
In music,—where are they?

We mourn them *lost*, but Thou, our God,  
Shalt guard their peaceful sleep,  
And in Thy casket of the sod  
The rich deposit keep,

And bid the grave each atom tell  
Thou to its charge hast given  
And raise our “sown in tears” to swell  
The harvest-song of Heaven.

MISS MARY JANE AVERILL was quite young when entrusted to my care as a pupil, but evinced a maturity of mind beyond her years. Her perceptions were rapid, and her imagination active, yet not overbalancing her judgment. Her affectionate dispositions render all our interchanged memories of teacher and pupil like a strain of sweet music.

She possessed a native poetical impulse, and the power of readily adapting it to the passing occurrences of human life. I extract a few lines from her thoughts at the grave of one of her former school companions, Miss M. A. Colt, who is mentioned at the 232nd page of this book.

“Just as the western sun  
Threw o’er the horizon’s verge a parting ray,  
Giving to all new life and loveliness,

His last, bright tinge of glory,—at the grave  
We stood, of one we lov'd.

Backward we look'd  
And saw her young, and beautiful, and gay,  
Among the gay, sparkling with hope and joy ;  
And then again when sorrow mark'd her brow,  
A draught of sweetest, purest happiness,  
Had risen to charm her taste.

Those dreams of bliss  
Where are they now ?

Raise thou the eye of faith !  
Hath she not gone to taste of purer joys ?  
In realms above awaits she not her friends ?  
Ah yes ! we trust her home is with her God."

In the autumn of 1825, Miss Averill was married to Elisha Peek, Esq., and devoted her ardent affections to the participation and culture of home-happiness. An effusion written just before this important change in her condition, is beautiful both as an expression of her own views of life, and as a tribute of love to the memory of a departed mother.

"The scenes of other days arise to view,  
And forms of early friends are present too,  
In this lone hour they pass before my mind,  
Leaving a trace of sadness undefin'd.



What tho' the past in memory's tints array'd,  
Lives with its former charms still undecay'd,  
What tho' the scenes of childhood are confest  
By all, to be the dearest, and the best,  
It is not mine to wish their quick return,  
Though radiant with the forms whose loss I mourn,  
Nor is it mine to sigh o'er friendships riven,  
The lov'd of earth—are they not saints in heaven?

Perchance some unseen spirit o'er my head  
Is hovering near, the Spirit of the dead!  
Imagination lends its aid, I hear  
A mother's voice, low breathing on my ear,  
A mother's voice! in tones how sweet and mild,  
Its long remember'd accents sigh,—'My child,  
My daughter dear, since this vain world I left  
Of my kind care, thou hast not been bereft;  
I have been with thee; yes, the form so dear  
Of thy maternal friend hath hover'd near.  
And now thou hop'st to taste of joys replete,  
Joys where no venom lurks beneath the sweet:  
I once before thee trod that pleasing road,  
Hoping for bliss that earth might ne'er corrode,  
Yet here I found it not, I turn'd to heaven,  
There look, my child—ask, and it shall be given.' ”

In her new sphere of action, a loving heart  
combining with innate discretion and strength  
of character, were pleasantly unfolded, and unconsciously to herself, influenced all around.  
She had no ambition to shine in general so-

ciety, but preferred a small circle of select friends, to whom she was ardently attached, and who reciprocated her regard. The care of two little girls occupied much of her thought, and taught her the new joy of maternal love. At intervals of leisure, she still cultivated her talent for poetry, and though some of her productions show that a vein of sprightliness was inherent in her mind, the greater part breathe a spirit of congenial piety.

PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

“Oh ! didst thou think their fate thine own,  
When those pure dew-drops brightly shone  
Glittering upon the rainbow zone

Of Heaven ?

Was it thy wish so soon to be  
Transplanted in thy purity,  
And set amid the jewelry

Of Heaven ?

And yet how sudden was the blight  
The shadow o’er thine early light,  
How soon exhaled, to sparkle bright

In Heaven.

Thy prayer was heard, to shine like them,  
Resplendent as the choicest gem  
That glows within the diadem

Of Heaven.”

## SABBATH EVE.

“Think, when the sun declines,  
And his last glory shines  
    Low in the west,  
How hath the Sabbath gone  
As it sped swiftly on,  
    Unto its rest ?

Have our thoughts been with God,  
In His most blest abode  
    Unto Him given ?  
Have our sweet strains of praise  
Borne up in joyful lays  
    Incense to heaven ?

If our hopes onward fled,  
Thro’ cloudless realms to tread  
    Fill’d with delight,  
Then has our worship here,  
Mingled with those who wear  
    Pure robes of white.

So, the bright Sabbath-eve  
Record of love shall leave,  
    And the soul free  
From the world’s toil and pain,  
May for itself attain  
    Part with yon holy train  
    Eternally.”

Her life, as well as her written thoughts, gave proof that her piety continued to gather depth, and fervor. Her health was often infirm, and her malady, an affection of the heart, caused the belief that her sojourn on earth would be short, and its termination sudden. This impression gave the tenderness almost of parting counsels to her instructions of her little daughters, and to the writings in which she dedicates them to God, pleading His promises, and entreating that they may be brought up in the love of their Saviour, and kept in the way of righteousness. During her seasons of sickness, it was touching to see them every night, ere retiring, kneel at her side to say their simple prayer, while in the fulness of her heart she offered her maternal supplications.

One of them, now herself a mother, gratefully says, "To me she seemed almost as a perfect being, for I can remember only her patience, and sweetness of disposition, and the smile so full of affection that she used to bestow on us. These memories of the dear

departed one come often over me, like strains of distant music falling tenderly and sadly upon the heart. There are many precious records of her faith and love, and some writings which are a cherished legacy to her children, whispering a silent monition to follow her in the path to Heaven."

Early in the summer of 1836 she was induced to go for a short visit to friends in New York, being in comparatively good health. But there, her latent disease, with brief warning, dealt its final blow, and she was brought back a lifeless corse to her desolated home.

Her death was at the age of twenty-nine, and took place on the Sabbath, that day whose holy rest she so much loved. The following simple hymn has a mournful interest as being her last, and written on the last Sabbath that she spent in this mortal abode.

"How sweet the promise of our Lord  
To those who love and trust His Word,  
'Tis heaven within the breast when we  
Are fill'd with love and purity.

We long within his courts to greet;  
And worship at his holy seat,  
To lift our voice in heartfelt praise,  
And with his flock our prayers to raise.

Yet, Lord, we would submissive be,  
Commune with our own hearts and Thee,  
Grateful that Thou wilt thus descend  
And thus the contrite soul befriend.

Soon we may tread thy courts above,  
And view thy face, and sing thy love,  
Soon there may be our home, and we  
Will praise throughout eternity."

MISS MARY LATHROP, a native of West Springfield, Massachusetts, was distinguished as a member of our school, by faithful attention to every requirement, as well as by the sweet lineaments of countenance, and harmonies of character. The elements of feeling and action there revealed, justified a prediction of that excellence which was more fully disclosed when she became the wife of the Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, and removing to Albany, entered on a wider sphere of responsibility.

Not only was she a companion, but a helper. It was her wish to understand and assume the guidance of domestic affairs, that her husband, by exemption from their care, might have a mind free for the duties of his

sacred office, and the preparation of the various works by which he has assiduously endeavored to benefit mankind. One who was well qualified to form an estimate of her virtues, as they were unfolded by life's duties, and changes, thus bears testimony :

“ Her works of charity were the offspring of love, not of vain display. Within the home-circle, the excellencies of her character were indeed conspicuous and exemplary. The united and affectionate circle, the cheerful happy fireside, the thronging friends, the kind and cordial greeting, the assiduous attentions, all proclaimed a well-ordered household, a well-ordered heart and life, and spoke a praise to which woman may love to listen. Beyond that circle, her benevolence, like the genial warmth of Spring, was felt rather than seen, by all around her. She was endowed with a prompt and lively perception of the feelings of others, and governed by an exact discretion, which never permitted her to disturb individual peace, or social tranquillity. If there were a single virtue, for which she was pre-



eminently distinguished, it might be expressed by the term, *Christian meekness*."

We, who saw and loved her character in its forming state, were delighted that it should be thus drawn out in the full symmetry of feminine grace, and holiness. "Sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" were not in the treasure-house of her gifts. As a "woman professing godliness," she adorned this life and approached another. From a group of lovely children and a large circle of attached friends, she was removed in the autumn of 1837 at the age of thirty-three. Of her saintly demeanor as the close of life drew nigh, the Rev. President Nott, in his funereal tribute, thus eloquently speaks.

"In the same calm trust, was the response returned from her bed of death, whose dust we have just committed to the dust, and the absence of whose sainted spirit it is ours to mourn. Not the thought of final separation from that band of worshippers with whom she was wont to meet in this House of God, nor from those desolate poor who had

hitherto shared her charity, or those helpless orphans who would hereafter need her counsel, not the anguish of her companion in the prospect of bereavement, nor the plaint of her children about to be written motherless, not the sigh of sorrow-stricken parents, nor the tears of sympathizing friends, who witnessed that impressive death-scene, could disturb her tranquillity, or divert her heaven-directed eye from those mansions of rest to which she felt she had a title through the merits of a Saviour. On him, in this crisis of her being, she cast her cares, on him she anchored her hope, and thus sustained, met death as the disciples of such a Master ought to meet it, with devout and holy resignation."

I well remember thee,—thy gentle grace,  
The tender beauty of thine early prime,  
The meek expression of thy serious face,  
So earnest bending o'er the page sublime.

Yes, I remember thee, amid a train  
Of sister-spirits moved with studious art  
From learning's mine the priceless gold to gain,  
And root the holiest virtues in the heart.

Years from thy cheek youth's opening blossom bore,  
 Yet still a richer glow its place supplied,  
 Such as the soul's deep fountains gushing pour  
 In living crimson, o'er the hallowed bride,

Such as the matron's Heaven-illuminated brow  
 Tints with the dialect of prayerful love ;  
 Years swiftly sped, but ah ! where art thou now ?  
 Thy cherished children, weeping, point above.

'Tis meet to mourn home's blooming garland seared,  
 The sweet-voiced charmer from the fire-side fled,  
 The mother smitten 'mid the plants she reared,  
 And fond affection's dearest treasure dead.

And yet, 'tis meet to praise the Hand that bore,  
 The patient sufferer from her pains away,  
 Nerved her sure wing to reach the eternal shore,  
 And op'd the portals of unfading day.

MISS ELIZA GREW, a native of Providence, Rhode Island, was at her entrance into our school about the age of thirteen, and exhibited a development of mind, and especially a solidity of judgment, beyond what is usual at that period of life. Her opinions were thoughtfully formed, and her written sentiments expressed clearly, and without diffuseness. Her sobriety of deportment was conspicuous, and scarcely any temptation was sufficient to bring a smile over her features, during the hours allotted to study.

Her complexion was pale, her light hair abundant and beautiful, and advancing youth gave her form a fine symmetry, and her features a cast of elevated and serene beauty. She had a native taste for the attainment of languages, and made considerable progress in

Greek, without the aid of a teacher. She possessed not only the cordial regard, but the respect of her companions at school, which they continued to cherish for her, after that union was dissolved.

Her mind was early disposed to serious piety, but so high was her innate standard, and so severe her habits of self-examination, that several years passed away, ere she had confidence to make a public profession of faith in her Redeemer. After this transaction, she writes, "How shall I ever be able to keep the solemn covenant into which I have now entered? It is only through Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness.

"I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust.

Or life, or death is equal : neither weighs :

All weight in this, O let me live to Thee.'"

In the summer of 1830, she was married to the Rev. Dr. John T. Jones, and appointed by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions to Burmah, whither they almost immediately sailed. It was with no slight degree of satis-

faction, that we saw one of our former band willing and able to accept such sacred responsibilities. We imagined that we had traced in her, elements of the same energy and self-devotedness that distinguished the first Mrs. Judson, and predicated that in similar circumstances, she would exhibit similar Christian heroism.

The capacity she had early evinced for the acquisition of languages, now contributed to give her superiority in one important department of missionary service. In the construction of lexicons, and preparation of elementary works, she was indefatigable.

In one of her letters, she mentions, "You will rejoice with me when I tell you that I have at last finished the Siamese dictionary, the arrangement and copying of which has been my chief business in that language, for nearly a year past. It contains many thousand words, but will require much correction hereafter. I hope it may be useful."

Still pursuing her philological researches, she writes three years after, "I have recently

been devising a plan for writing Siamese, in the roman character, endeavouring to make it correspond as nearly as possible to the other languages of India. These, through the indefatigable labors of some philanthropists in Hindostan, are fast becoming romanized. The powers thus given to the roman letters are the same, as in the language of the Sandwich Islands:"

Amid these intellectual pursuits, hear her sweet testimony to the humbler task of a teacher in her own household school of heathen. "If I have ever felt that it was small business to be attending personally to the teaching of ten children and youth, I remember Him who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them, and am ashamed of my unworthy ambition, and thankful to be employed in any way, for the cause of Jesus."

Nearly eight years, she untiringly labored, and meekly endured privations among the benighted heathen. Two little ones she had laid in the grave, and for two others, her strong maternal love was ever active in effort, and in

prayer. But the end had come. In the spring of 1838, the fearful Asiatic cholera made her its victim. To her last moment, she had the full enjoyment of reason. To the pupils whom she had long taught, and the servants whom she summoned to her bedside, she said,—“I am about to die.—But I fear not death.—Never forget what I have taught you.—Follow it.—Repent.—Trust in Christ. May we meet in heaven.”

The dark-browed nurse stood near, with the darling, infant daughter in her arms. To her, the departing one said,—“The child will now have no mother.—Take good care of her.—And become yourself a disciple of Christ.”

Her little son climbed up to her, and how full of tenderness were those low, sweet tones, —“Howard, be a good boy.—Then we shall see each other in Heaven.”

Her lifeless form reposes beneath the waving shades of Pagan Asia, by the side of the two little ones who preceded her to perfect rest. Her husband writes,—“What she was to me as a wife, a mother, a counsellor, a



fellow-laborer, none can tell, but He who knows all. Her counsel was invaluable, her labors abundant. Beside the good she did while in Burmah, two poor Burman women here, in Siam, converted, we trust, by her instrumentality, have preceded her to glory. Two more, of whom we have strong hopes that they are true Christians, remain, and wept her early departure. Many about us, and many at a distance, will long remember her unwearied instructions.

“She wrote much for the Siamese. A large school-book has been printed, which owes all its Siamese to her. She long since wrote in that language the histories of Joseph and of Nebuchadnezzar. She had lately written that of Moses, bringing down the history of the Israelites to their entrance into Canaan. The two first, she had carefully revised and enlarged the present year. The latter was finished only three or four days before her death. They will be printed and read perhaps for centuries.

“She had recently turned her attention to

Siamese poetry, and written several hymns. Her Siamese and English dictionary, is an immense work, and will prove of incalculable service to future missionaries. These are but parts of what she did. But she rests from her labors, and her works will follow her."

This feeling tribute from her heart's best friend, is rendered more full and descriptive, by an extended memoir, the second edition of which is now about to issue from the press. By it, she "being dead, yet speaketh;" and the words that are so dear to those who knew and loved her, will, we trust, be precious, and powerful, to future generations.

'Tis sad, yet pleasant to remember thee  
As when I first beheld thee, meek and sweet,  
And bending with a student's deep intent  
Over thy daily lesson. Thou wert twined  
As in a rose-wreath, with the fervent group  
Of fair and joyous creatures, while swift years  
Fled all unheeded by.

Still I retrace,  
Vivid as though it were but yesterday,  
Thy gentle kindness, blent with firm resolve,  
In every path of duty; and that strength  
Of well-developed principle which scarce

Comports with childhood. Ah! I little thought,  
While watching o'er thy progress day by day,  
That Asia's sun would shine upon thy grave.

Youth brought its ripening bloom, and beauty played  
O'er thy calm features. Yet thou didst not deem  
Improvement bounded by the narrow line  
That marks the school-room, but didst lingering sit  
A lonely student with a lighted brow  
Treasuring the wealth of language ;—that which gave  
The ancient lore of philosophic Greece  
Power o'er the nations,—and that holier one  
Which told man's joy in paradise, when God  
And angels were his guests. But not for these  
Thy classic pleasures, was the pearl of price  
Neglected or forgot. With hallowed zeal  
Christ's dear example was thine early choice,  
To bear His yoke, to show His spirit forth,  
Thy true delight. How were the joys of home,  
The charms of friendship heightened by thy deeds  
Of tender piety.

There came a change,—  
A solemn throng upon the summer strand,—  
A ship with white sails set,—a hymn,—a prayer,—  
Blessings,—and parting tears,—and thou wert gone!

Who sitteth with a train of Burman babes  
Around her knee? Who teacheth them to wrap  
In their own uncouth speech the warmth of prayer,  
And toils so patiently to bind the links

Of prayer with duty, in their softened hearts ?  
Who counteth hardships light, if she may win  
One soul to Christ ? Who kneeleth by the couch  
Of yon poor dying woman, breathing soft  
The gospel-promise to her heathen ear,  
And laboring still to turn her darkened eye  
From Boodh and Gaudama to the Cross ?

But lo ! another scene,—when Siam's sun  
Looks fiercely down. I hear the pagan wail  
For the lost teacher,—the heart-stricken prayer  
Of him who sees the idol wife depart  
From his lone bosom,—and the wondering woe  
Of those young babes, who stretch their arms in vain  
To their dead mother.

So her grave is made  
'Tween two fair infant forms, who went to sleep  
Before her—where the shade of foreign trees  
Droops mournfully.

Daughter and friend, farewell !  
Thou whose high praise is in thy fatherland,  
And 'mid the Asian tribes. I count it joy,  
I count it honor to have shed one drop  
Of dew upon thee, in thy budding hour,  
Risen as thou art from labor to reward,  
Ineffable, eternal, as the God  
Who was thy trust from life's unfolding dawn.

MISS FRANCES ANN BRACE was the youngest pupil that I ever received under my charge. On the morning of the 1st of August, 1814, at the age of six years, she came as a lamb to our gentle and loving flock. She united precocity of intellect and attainment, with a remarkably amiable, thoughtful character. Before her second birth-day, she was acquainted with the alphabet, and at four read well, and with pleasure. At five, she had taught herself to write, and found amusement in simple epistolary composition.

Prepared as I was, by this information, to admit her among my chosen band of fifteen, it was still not without surprise, that I saw her assume with entire self-possession and apparent ease, the intellectual labor of a class, many of whom were twice, and some almost

thrice her own age. Her ambition was to keep up with them in every study. But her friends deemed it best to preclude her from that of arithmetic, not desiring to make her a prodigy, at the expense of physical welfare. They believed that close attention to the grammar and parsing of her native language, writing, orthography, with critical definitions, composition, geography, history, with chronology both ancient and modern, would furnish sufficient employment for the mind of so young a child. She obeyed, as she always did, but whether the prohibition deepened her innate desire, I cannot say. She, indeed, abstained from the practical exercise of arithmetic, but to the recitations of the class and the explanations given them, listened so intently, as to possess herself of the principles of the science. When she at length obtained permission at home to pursue it, the rapturous delight with which the child of six summers produced her slate and advanced to join the class, brought over her fair face the fervent and beautiful expression of sixteen. It was

found that by observation she had perfectly taught herself, the first of the four grand rules. She was therefore placed in the second, and at the expiration of the hour allotted to arithmetic, had performed a greater number of sums than any of the other young ladies. She was perfectly tremulous with the pleasure of this new pursuit, yet with her characteristic humility, qualified the commendation accorded her, by the remark that the problems assigned to her companions, were more difficult than her own. The order and application, which were features of her mind, prepared her to enjoy the science of demonstration; yet, I know not that her zeal in its researches evinced a peculiar preference for it, so much as a deep-seated love and a ruling impulse to possess herself of all knowledge.

One of her prominent accomplishments was fine reading. A previous instructor of long experience and high reputation had said "it was honor enough for him to have taught her elocution." Every word, every vowel had in her clear tones their full sound; and her cor-

rect emphasis, and power of entering into the spirit of the author, whether in poetry or prose, far transcended her years. I sometimes placed her, my youngest little one, on an elevated seat, to read a few sentences to the whole school, as a model. Her audience pleasantly attended to her example, and the distinction wrought in her mind no self-complacence. Was not this praise for both ?

Her recitations were admirable. She had a conscientiousness which would not permit her to appear with an ill-committed lesson. The anxiety sometimes attendant on a rapid course of questioning, especially where several studies were reviewed, subsided as her turn came, for I felt reliance on her general correctness, and knew that her replies would be always audibly and gracefully rendered. To every minutæ of discipline she was strictly obedient. She seemed early to realize that to be distinguished by proficiency in study, yet to thwart, or give pain to a teacher, was a moral contradiction. So consistent was her example that during the five years she con-



tinued with us as a pupil, it cannot be recollected that she violated the slightest rule, not even so much as to leave her seat, or speak, or sign to a companion, without liberty. The sentiment of respect was fully developed in her character, and united to a sweet sedateness of manner, made her a great favorite with the aged ; while her peculiar truthfulness and good sense caused her to be implicitly relied on by the young.

To the charitable designs, and religious exercises of her school, she was invariably attentive. Her recapitulations, on Monday, of the sermons heard the preceding day, proved that in the house of God, she was no careless listener. Respect and love for religion and its duties, had been impressed on her mind by those who had guided her from infancy. Through the divine blessing, the seed thus sown produced early and healthful fruit. At the age of thirteen she professed her faith in her dear Saviour, uniting with his flock, and faithfully following that Chief Shepherd, whether he led her through green pastures,

beside the still waters, or through the dark valley, down to the swelling of Jordan.

A sense of the worth of time, and habits of systematic industry were conspicuous in her, not only as a pupil but throughout the whole of life. Useful employment for the comfort of others, rather than her own, was her delight. She was ingenious with her needle, well-skilled in the details of domestic economy, and never allowed intellectual tastes or attainments to overshadow the humbler departments of feminine duty. Equally zealous and conscientious was she in the sphere of benevolence. For seven years, she was a Sabbath-school teacher, winning the deep regard of those whom she instructed. She sustained offices in various charitable societies, where she displayed such clear judgment, and self-possession, that "none despised her youth."

Among the beautiful traits of her character was a sweet filial devotedness to her venerable grand-parents. Born under their roof, and continuing to reside with them, until their death, her perfect respect, her affectionate de-

portment, the gentle deference of her wishes to theirs, was most lovely and exemplary. One who was always a dweller with her bears testimony that "she never once gave them occasion either to reprove or admonish her, and so amiable was her disposition, that the inmates of the family recollect neither time nor place in which she gave an angry or hasty word to any one, but was ever kind and conciliatory to the humblest person."

In the spring of 1830, she was married to James M. Bunce, Esq., of her native city, and in the sphere of new duties and affections displayed the same virtues that distinguished her during her course of intellectual training. Especially in the nurture of her three sons, two of whom still survive her, she united to great maternal tenderness that judicious exercise of it, which improves rather than endangers the moral welfare of its object. While she required obedience and repressed wayward inclinations, she labored to impress on the new-born immortal, true reverence and tender love for a Father in heaven.

But her stay amid these sweet ministries was brief. A fatal consumption marked her for its own. Deeming it a duty to adopt every prescribed remedy that offered hope of recovery, she left home with her husband, in the summer of 1838, for the Red Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. But it was the will of the Almighty, that to the shadow of her own green trees, to the embrace of her loved little ones, she should return no more, save in the garniture of the grave.

Desolate was the homeward journey of the husband, travelling night and day with his dead, and filled with that sorrow which only a Christian's faith could sustain. With solemn funeral ceremonies, her remains were laid by the side of her kindred, amid the sorrow of many hearts.

I follow in thy train, thou who didst love  
To sit so close beside me with thy book,  
Lifting thy speaking eye, to scan my face,  
And time thy questions wisely to my cares.  
—And thou wouldst sometimes lay thy hand in mine  
When summer-school was o'er, and lead the way  
To thine own pleasant home, bespeaking still

For me the things that unto thee were dear,  
Thy white-hair'd grandsire's welcome, or the walk  
In the rich flower-garden. So, I knew  
That in the pupil I had found a friend.

I will not leave thee now, when thou dost take  
Thy silent, mournful journey.

Thou of old  
Wert sometimes timid, and didst love to rest  
Upon my guiding arm, but now behold,  
Lone on thy sable hearse thou leadst the way,  
Unshrinkingly, and marshallest to each  
The path himself must take, to that last home  
Whence there is no return.

Deep-stricken hearts  
Are near thy coffin, as the bier yields up  
Its hoarded treasure, and the cheek of love  
Turns deadly pale. Till the green turf is trod  
Firmly above the pillow of thy rest,  
I will not leave thee, daughter.

Fain I'd wait  
Till the last lingerer turneth towards his home,  
And breathe one orison beside thy bed,  
Thou, who so oft hast pour'd the prayer with me.  
I'll be the last to leave. Wilt thou be first  
To give the kiss of heaven, if through the trust  
In our Redeemer's strength, I thither rise from dust?

MISS SUSAN BUNCE, in her character as a scholar, was ever exemplary and lovely. Her whole deportment was the illustration of a kind heart, and an amiable temper. Interesting in her person, and conversation, piety early gave her an ornament that remained unchanged through life, that "meek and quiet spirit, which is precious in the sight of God."

After her marriage, in the autumn of 1825, to Dr. Daniel Henchman, of Boston, and her consequent removal to that city, she exhibited those virtues and affections for which her new position gave exercise. Especially did the sweet fidelity of maternal care, find a congenial soil in her heart. She faithfully estimated the responsibility of training for this world and the next, those buds of immortality that were laid upon her bosom. Patient, lov-

ing, and loved, she passed on her way, finding the duties of this life so adjusted to the hopes of another, that Faith viewed them but as stages in one and the same existence ; the fair vestibule and the eternal temple.

She was frequently a sufferer from ill-health, during the latter years of her life, but always gentle and uncomplaining. In the summer of 1839, while on a visit to Hartford, her native place, she was suddenly summoned to exchange worlds, leaving five children to hold her in affectionate remembrance.

Children, your mother sleepeth long,  
This sultry summer-day,  
And ye have hush'd the sport and song  
As wont, lest ye might break  
The rest that weariness would take ;  
Ye need no more  
The finger on the silent lip to lay,  
Or shrink the racking cough to hear  
That wore her flesh away.  
Like snow-wreath on an April-day,—  
Those pains are o'er.

Come nearer, little one,  
Yes, lift the veil,  
O'er that white pillow thrown.

How cold ! how pale !  
How still, the thin hands rest  
On the unheaving breast,  
The bright hair parted o'er the peaceful brow.  
She moves not on her bed,  
Though many round her tread,  
Ah ! do they whispering say, the darling mother's *dead* ?

Sweet ones, she's gone  
Above this clouded sky,  
Where near the everlasting throne  
The winged seraphs fly ;  
Where are no pangs, or fears,  
Where are no parting tears,  
There is her home on high.

Dear, mourning flock, who weep  
A sainted mother fled,  
Think of her lessons, soft and deep,  
Breath'd at the hour of childhood's sleep  
Beside each little bed ;  
And keep her memory fresh and green,  
And strive to do your Saviour's will,  
And trust her pure eye marks you still,  
This veil of flesh between.



MISS MARY JANE CHESTER, at her first entrance among us, was one of the younger pupils. She is before me now, as she then was, with her exceedingly fair complexion, pleasant smile, and graceful manners. I almost imagine that I again hear the tuneful cadence of her voice, repeating her favorite Ode of Henry Kirke White,

“Come, disappointment, come !  
Thou art not stern to me.”

She was loved by the companions with whom she pursued her studies. On one occasion, when she received their suffrages for the honor of being crowned with flowers, as having excelled in amiable deportment throughout the year, it was remarked, “If votes could

ever have heart in them, ours would surely be full of it."

After the dispersion of our school, she was particularly active in the charitable society which continued for many years to bind its members together, in unity of feeling. When the natural loveliness of her character, had received the infusion of true piety, it earnestly showed forth that love which is its life, to all who came within the sphere of affinity, or duty. As a sister, her deportment was marked by unswerving tenderness, and when opportunity offered, by judicious advice. Her filial affections were developed with uncommon strength and beauty. During the last sickness of her father, she devoted herself to his service, relieved him as far as possible, from the cares of business, copied for him in her careful and beautiful chirography, read aloud to him, labored to strengthen his faith, and as the failing breath ebbed away, suppressed her own grief, that she might breathe into his ear, those holy promises that sustain the soul through the dark valley. With the

widowed mother, so perfect were her sympathies, so constantly did she strive to shield her from every care or sorrow, that those who saw her daily course of life, were accustomed to say, that "she did all but breathe for her," so unvarying was her example of attention and love.

Her marriage, in 1834, to the Rev. Sylvester Hovey, opened a new class of duties, in which without forfeiting her interest for earlier friends she was equally a model. During a winter's residence in the island of St. Croix, for the benefit of his health, she not only exerted all her winning influences for the preservation of his cheerfulness, but identified herself so much with his studies as to reap that improvement which her mind always pursued and prized. Large and scientific collections of Botany, and Conchology attested how zealous had been their researches in Natural History. Discovering that the lustrous seed of the wild Tamarind, was capable of being wrought into ornamental bags, she constructed a variety of exquisite patterns,

and then taught the art to a woman who depended on her own exertions for support, and who found it no inconsiderable source of profit. In the elegant and useful works of female ingenuity she was an adept. Systematic industry enabled her to complete many tasteful gifts for her friends, as well as durable fabrics for the poor.

She was in the habit of recommending useful and religious books to her acquaintance, and of turning conversation to them, rather than to personal subjects. She was fond of inducing friends, especially if not decidedly pious, to peruse the Scriptures, in course with her, on such a plan that each should read daily the same portions, and at the close of the Sacred Volume, mutually communicate the impressions they had received. She early took upon her the labor of a teacher in the Sabbath-school, which she continued many years. Her efforts for her pupils, and the letters she was in the habit of writing them, some of which are preserved in her journal, reveal an almost maternal anxiety

for their salvation. More than one of them refer their first deep religious impressions to her; and a precious tribute to her faithful instructions is given in the memoir of Mrs. Mary E. Van Lennep, the lovely and beloved young missionary who found an early grave on the shores of the Bosphorus.

“Out of her own family,” says her father, Rev. Dr. Hawes, “no human being exerted a greater, or more happy influence in the formation of her character than Mary Jane Chester, afterwards Mrs. Hovey. I feel grateful to God that my child in her tender age enjoyed the instructions, the prayers, and the example of one so well qualified to cherish her piety, and to elicit and mature her virtues. From her, she received many most valuable suggestions, in regard to the daily reading of the Scriptures, the practice of private devotion, self-discipline, and the cultivation of personal religion.”

So pleasant was the habit of teaching, and so earnestly did she desire to disseminate the blessings of that Gospel, wherein was her hope, that during the short time of her residence in

St. Croix, she exerted herself to establish a Sunday-school, in that region of comparative ignorance. Intelligence afterwards arrived of its continued prosperity, that it numbered more than 400 members, 27 teachers, and had in connection with it, an infant school. But ere this announcement came, she had entered into the “rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

Her character has been thus gracefully sketched by one who well knew her daily life, as “frank, without indiscretion,—social, yet not intrusive—devoted in friendship, without selfishly demanding returns—industrious without parade—cheerful, without levity—fond of improvement, not that it might be observed, or praised—actuated by principle, yet not forgetting to make its prompted course agreeable to others—loving to do good, yet not thinking anything was done, while aught remained undone.”

At the commencement of 1840, when the new-year had been but a few days with us, she died, after an illness of nearly two months.

Her reason and her faith were unclouded. She said,—“ When I am so weak that I cannot control my thoughts, I *can trust*.” With tenderness and discrimination, she left parting words for her friends, and for her former Sabbath-school pupils, who were still near her heart. On the last night of her life, she dictated with her failing breath, messages to absent kindred. “ Tell my dear sister to live near to God. If I can never see her more, charge her to live nearer to God.” Of her infant daughter not two months old, she said with emphasis,—“ Be sure that you educate her for heaven, not for this world.” Yet the full education of Heaven soon awaited it, for ere its second birth-day, it followed her, and in four months after the ancestral tomb closed on her fair form, its vaulted door opened to admit her husband, to slumber by her side.

In the funeral sermon delivered on the Sunday after her interment, her beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hawes, after representing true piety as the source and crown of her many excellencies, forcibly adds,



“How touching was the eulogium pronounced over her corpse by a poor woman, when, with sobbing breast and streaming eyes, she exclaimed,—“I have lost my best friend, my dear benefactress, who has so often comforted, and helped me. She is gone, I shall see her no more.” How empty is all the pageantry of show, and gaiety, and fashion compared to one such testimony as this.”

To us, all earth-born as we are,  
How dark, and dread a doom it seems,  
To break away from things most fair,  
The tissue of our cherish'd dreams ;  
  
From tenderest love's confiding breast,  
A happy home, a mother's prayer,  
Fraternal ties so fondly blest,  
And long-tried friendship's changeless care ;

From the sweet smile the entwining arms  
Of helpless infancy to turn,  
From all this strong array of charms  
Go lonely forth, and ne'er return.

Yet thou, oh habitant serene,  
Where mind expands so full and free,  
Bright dweller in a cloudless scene,  
Say, was the path so drear to thee ?



Seemed not the Spoiler's transient sting  
 The gentle gasp, the parting sigh,  
 Like dust on that unfetter'd wing  
 With which the eagle cleaves the sky ?

But we, borne down with grief and fear—  
 Too weak a seraph's faith to reach,  
 Still feel our God forgives the tear  
 That aids our penury of speech.

And many a precious trace we hoard,  
 Thy hallowed deeds, thy purpose pure,  
 Thy childhood's morn, with goodness stored,  
 The ripened worth of years mature,

As gems bequeathed us, ere thy flight,  
 Flowers by thy hand profusely given,  
 Rays from an angel's urn of light,  
 To cheer our upward track to Heaven.

Miss ELIZA A. SMITH, as I now recall her image, seems again near my side, in the unclouded gentleness, and happiness of her graceful youth. The peculiarly beaming smile that often lighted her fair brow, when she entered the school-room, or raised it from the studious page to meet the face of a friend, seemed the language of perfect love. Such and so unshadowed was her transparent character, while she sought with us the treasures of knowledge.

Her marriage, in 1827, to Wyllys King, Esq., and their subsequent removal to St. Louis, Missouri, gave her opportunity of cultivating a regard for the regions of the rich, free-hearted West, and of being appreciated in return. Mingled with retiring modesty, there was within her that pleasant principle of assimilation that makes the stranger a friend.

She possessed that essential attainment, and truest patriotism of woman, the science of making a happy home, and of rightly training all those committed to her charge. Her "good works were those of a woman professing godliness," and living under its power.

As her virtues and attractions were ardently appreciated in her own abode, and by the witnesses of her daily life, so was the anguish proportionably bitter and intense, when suddenly, with her new-born babe, she was removed, in the summer of 1840, leaving three little ones to ask in vain for their mother.

There's mourning in the far, green West,  
Where broad Missouri flows,  
There's mourning in a pleasant bower  
Beside a smitten rose.

Though countless blossoms on its breast  
The mighty prairie weaves,  
And clouds of incense load the air  
From their unfolding leaves,

Still was this lone, transplanted flower  
Most precious deem'd, and fair,  
For heavenly balm was in its heart  
To heal the wounds of care.

And sorrow with its deepest shade  
Involv'd the stricken bower,  
Where from its clasping, clustering buds  
Was snatch'd that eastern flower.

But, of a garden in the skies,  
That tempest ne'er may reach,  
Nor frost invade, nor blight destroy,  
Faith bows herself to teach.

And thither may we rise at last,  
Above the Spoiler's strife,  
And walk amid the trees of God,  
Beside the fount of life.

MISS MARY DODD RUSS, was a younger sister of the second of my beloved band of early-summoned ones. She possessed a superior intellect, and the ability to excel with slight effort in scholarship. To these endowments were united warm, impulsive affections, and a noble, generous nature. She had great fondness for reading, and her opinions both of books and living characters were expressed with strength and originality. Those who knew her intimately in ripened youth, will vividly remember her striking and finely vaired countenance, her brilliance in conversation, and her capacities for ardent, confiding friendship.

In the spring of 1834, she became the consort of Silas E. Burroughs, Esq., and transferred her residence to the city of New York.

As new affections expanded, the love of home and of her little ones so predominated, that social intercourse with the admiration she had there excited, lost its charm. She was unlike the intellectual lady of whom it was quaintly said in the olden time, "So highly exalted were her conversational powers, she counted all time lost, that was spent with the unfolding childish mind." Our sweet and talented friend approached the other extreme, voluntarily sacrificing every claim to distinction, save what was interwoven with the progress, and hopes of infant existence. The maternal principle with its tender anxieties, and unutterable joys, found a congenial soil in her affectionate heart, and covered it with so luxuriant a growth, that its former pleasures were overshadowed or forgotten.

It was at the close of the winter of 1841, that tidings of the death of this kindly attached friend reached me while travelling in a foreign clime. They stated that she had repeatedly suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, and lived but a short time after the

birth of her youngest babe, of whose exceeding beauty all who beheld him, spoke. He soon followed her to the tomb, whither her first-born had preceded her; while a daughter and son still survive, to cherish the memory of her devoted affection.

Remember what her lip hath said  
Who now in dust is laid,  
And treasure every tender word,  
Like flowers that cannot fade,

And wheresoe'er your lot is cast,  
Until with life you part,  
Still keep her image and her smile,  
As pictures in your heart.

Remember her, whose warbled song  
Could charm your infant ear,  
Whose kiss each transient pain control,  
And quell the rising tear,

Yes, deep amid your grateful thoughts,  
Where'er your footsteps rove,  
As on a graven tablet bear  
A mother's changeless love.

MISS CAROLINE MORGAN, was one of that number who greeted me at the opening of my school, and wept at its final separation. Throughout the intervening space of five years, she exemplified without variation, the duties and virtues of a model-pupil. She was distinguished both by attention to study, and strict observance of the minutest regulations, not one of which did she ever break or forget. So systematic and faithful was she, that during this whole period she was never once late at school, nor absent a single day, except from indisposition. So dear was the place and so entire her application to its pursuits, that she would seldom accept even the recreation of the two short daily recesses, but preferred to pass three unbroken hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon, in her



school-room, where she ever quietly and pleasantly employed herself.

She seemed altogether right-minded, and consistent. One day was with her, like another. She was not stimulated to effort by praise or reward, nor dejected if they were withheld. Even at this distance of time, I look back with surprise at her unswerving excellence, and confirmed humility. That lowliness of soul was hers, in which they who attain the highest degrees of perfection here, are wont to clothe themselves. True piety was the ground-work of her persevering goodness, a piety which continued to mature through all the changes and water-floods of time.

That she should carry the lineaments thus evolved in the process of education, through the relative duties of life, might have been expected. Filial affection was disclosed in every possible form to lighten the care, and increase the happiness of her parents. After their removal by death, she became an inmate of the family of a sister, in Rochester,

New York, where her society and example were counted invaluable. The death of that beloved sister, gave wider and more mournful scope for effort and sympathy, as a comforter in the desolated home. The bereaved children received from her disinterested love, judicious advice, and religious instruction. Freedom from self gave her peculiar facilities for service to others, while her unobtrusive goodness was fain to hide itself and its works from notice or applause. The sickness that closed her life was one of severe suffering. As it advanced, sharp paroxysms of pain ensued, whenever the slightest nourishment was received. Though appetite had not failed, one article of food after another was uncomplainingly resigned, and to the sympathy of friends who grieved to see her perishing with famine in the midst of abundance, she replied with her usual meek smile,—“My heavenly Father knows what is best for me. He will lay no burden that he gives not strength to bear.” She, whose whole life had been marked by a

childlike trust, was not left at last to the overshadowing of even a momentary cloud.

It was to me a source of unspeakable gratitude, that at this most solemn period of review and preparation, she should look back with complacency on the years spent under my instruction, and say that she had "felt their good influence throughout the whole of life." She was kind enough to add,—“I am sorry that I have not been more forward in giving expression to my grateful feelings. You will tell her when I am gone.” Priceless value was added to the little effusion entitled “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,” from the knowledge that it administered to her comfort, during the last days of her sojourn here below. When too weak to read herself, she repeatedly asked that it might be read to her, and exclaimed, “Beautiful! consoling!” After she became unable to give any indication of her state of mind except in broken phrases, or by a fond pressure of the hand, it was observed that her lips moved, and the sister who bent over her pillow, caught in feeble intonations,

“He hath borne it Himself, He will hear my cry,  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Clasping her hands she said, still more distinctly and with unusual energy,—“Oh yes, He is here. He supports me now. I feel assured I shall not be forsaken at my last hour.”

Inexpressibly touching were the low, tender tones in which she conversed with her loved nephews and nieces, calling them separately to her bedside, and beseeching them to seek that Christian armor, through which they might be enabled to resist the temptations and trials of life. The calm expression of her eye and countenance, added force to all that she uttered; and her care for the comfort of others, and fear of giving unnecessary trouble to any, continued with her to the last.

The burden of diffidence which she had borne from childhood, and sometimes lamented as an impediment to Christian usefulness, was taken away. Her spirit stood forth in freedom, when about to depart for its native skies. She spoke boldly and eloquently of

the faith that had guided and sustained her throughout all her pilgrimage. The pastor who frequently visited her said that he sate by her bedside, “not to *give*, but to *receive* instruction.” In his discourse at her funeral, he remarked that he had never seen “a more perfect exemplification of the power of faith in the atoning blood of Christ, to triumph over all fear of death.”

May I be permitted to add my testimony, that I have never seen carried out from childhood, through the whole of life, a more un-deviating example of the humility that the Gospel teaches.

Not like the proud and garish flower,  
That only on the noontide hour  
Bestows its fragrance fleet,  
But as the violet, meek and true,  
That changeless lifts its eye of blue  
Mid shade or sunshine, cloud or dew,  
Wert thou, companion sweet.

To be content when pleasures fade,  
Trustful, when frowning clouds invade,  
And meek, when sunbeams shine,

To smile when strength in vain hath striven,  
Nor murmur though the heart be riven,  
These are the sacred gifts of heaven,  
And, daughter, they were thine.

MISS CORNELIA SOPHIA LATHROP, a native of Norwich, Connecticut, was with me only during the last year of my continuance in the office of an instructor. During that period she was uniformly amiable in her dispositions, fond of the studies of the school, and compliant with its regulations.

After her marriage, in the spring of 1828, to George Wyllys, Esq., of Philadelphia, their residence was pleasantly established in the city of New York. But the happiness which she imparted and enjoyed in her new abode, was to be fleeting as the morning dew, and the flower of grass ; and in early widowhood, she returned with her little son to the paternal mansion. There, the sympathy of kindred hearts, the exercise of filial and maternal virtues, and the lenient influences of time,

and piety, softened the corroding effects of grief.

Repeated bereavements left her at length the sole companion of a widowed mother. Hand in hand they pursued their solitary pilgrimage, all her fresh, earthly hope, centering in her only child. Years fled, and then, the hectic flush burned on her cheek, and her fair flesh wasted, as when "the moth fretteth a garment." Before the enfeebled guide of her infancy, she laid her head on the couch appointed for all the living. The aged mother lingered but a little while. Only a few sorrowing steps lay between them. Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and scarcely in death divided.

More tender are the associations that entwine around this attached pupil, and friend, not only from the circumstance that we were both born in the same pleasant neighborhood, but that she lived and died in the mansion where I first saw the light. The solemn shadow of her closing days, seems to mingle with the dreamy dawn of my newly-wakened



life ;—the rose-tint of morning strangely blending with the pale gold of an early sunset.

She is the last among my cherished pupils over whom the grave has closed. The whole number that composed the school in Hartford was but eighty-four. Of these, twenty-six are no longer among the living. Their names are arranged in these pages, according to the order in which they were called to enter the spirit-land.

Fifty-eight of our band still remain in homes widely separated. Long may they continue to shed blessed influences over the holiest duties of life, completing its climax by that highest lesson—“ *how a Christian can die.*”

The biographical traits which are here presented, it is evident, are but imperfect sketches of character. It has not been always possible to possess myself of the incidents that would have usefully and beautifully filled the outline ; or even to obtain copies of the simple, elegiac tributes, which the departure of those

so dear to me, called forth. Yet fragmentary as are these recollections, they are to me precious, and will be so to other kindred spirits. For as we approach life's decline, the heart finds its treasures laid up with the departed, as well as with surviving friends. In its hours of lonely musing, it may turn for solace more to the past than to the present, forgetting the injunction of the angel at the sepulchre, "not to seek the living among the dead." At such seasons it feels the truth of the assertion, that the "world's wealth is the memory and record of the great and good whom it has borne, whereby she upholds herself, and steers onward through the yet undiscovered deep of time."

I cannot but trust that this volume may meet a kind reception from those of my own sex, who, in the fair field of education, are either the cultured, or the culturers. Its construction has consoled me in a time of adversity, while a weeper at the early grave of an only son. It has seemed once more to surround me with their sympathy, who gave me

their young love when we walked together, culling fruits in the gardens of knowledge. It has brought back over the dial-plate of waning life, bright hues and unfaded imagery. It will be soothing to me to leave it as a love-token, when the curtains of my own tent shall be taken down, and I "begin the travel of eternity."

THE END.



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